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IS HELD FOR COURT ON VERY GRAVE CHARGE.

Aftermath of Coleville Shooting Affray.

OFFICER FOOTE ARRESTS ORA COOK

She Shot and Killed Guiseppe Puciarelli at the Home of a Sister at Coleville on June 12—Shooting Was Claimed to Have Been Accidental and Girl Was Released After Coroner's Inquest.

Last Friday afternoon Constable Foote of this borough went to Coleville and arrested Ora Cook of that place, who, on Sunday, June 12, shot and killed Guiseppe Puciarelli at Coleville, on a charge of murder.

The Saturday evening preceding the shooting, it may be remembered, a party composed of the Cook girl and her sister, accompanied by Puciarelli and his half-brother visited Smethport. They started for home late and on reaching the home of the Cook girl's sister, a Mrs. Smith, at Coleville, stopped for the night. Sunday morning the party gathered in the kitchen of the house, while preparations for breakfast were being made. They were joking among themselves and having a general good time, when the Cook girl playfully seized a 22-caliber rifle, which stood in a corner of the room, and leveled it at Puciarelli. The latter in a joking manner said "shoot," and the girl did. The bullet entered the man's abdomen and he died within an hour.

The girl started for Smethport to give herself up and on the road met County Detective Jones who was on his way to the scene.

An inquest was held in this borough and the prisoner was released, it being put forward that she was unaware that the gun was loaded and that the shooting was entirely accidental.

A few days after being acquitted the girl went to Salamanca and married a former Coleville man, named Russell. The waves of the matrimonial sea were rough and stormy and after four or five days of continued wrangling the bride left for the west.

Recently she returned to Cattaraugus, N. Y., and it was understood that she had again united destinies with her husband. Last Wednesday she returned to Coleville.

During the Cook girl's absence information was made against her and the authorities evidently unearthed facts which led them to believe that the shooting was not accidental, or unpremeditated, as claimed.

Working on the theory that she eventually return to Coleville, nothing was done until word was received last week that the Cook girl was at that place.

Officer Foote on making the arrest brought the prisoner to this place where she was given a hearing Friday afternoon before Justice A. W. Colegrove. She was committed to the county jail to await the action of the grand jury.

The charge against the girl is murder, but if indicted the charge will probably be lessened to manslaughter.

HAROLD McCARTHY MOVED.

It will be Necessary for Him to Undergo Operation at Kane Hospital.

Harold McCarthy, who sustained three fractures of his lower jaw in the recent automobile accident in this borough, was taken to the Kane hospital yesterday morning.

The young man had recovered to such an extent as to be able to be about town, but he suffered a setback recently by the forming of two abscesses on the injured member which were probably caused by the fact that several pieces of splintered bone had lodged in his jaw that were not discovered at the time and remaining there had caused complications. Owing to the swollen condition of the young man's face it has been impossible to remove the cause of the trouble. As a consequence the fractures have not been knitting and the patient has been suffering great pain.

His condition showed no signs of improvement and it was decided to take him to a hospital, where more facilities are available for treatment, upon the advice of Dr. Chadwick, the attending physician.

Mr. McCarthy made the trip to Kane in S. E. Bell's automobile, being accompanied by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCarthy. Upon arriving at Kane the young man was greatly fatigued by his journey.

An examination conducted at the hospital disclosed the fact that a portion of the jaw bone, between two of the breaks, had started to decay, making it necessary to remove the affected piece of bone and substitute a plate.

The operation will be a most delicate one and will be performed at the hospital to-day. Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy and Dr. Chadwick went to Kane in O. J. Hamlin's automobile this morning to be present during the operation.

The many friends of this popular young man will unite with The Miner in the hope that the operation will be a highly successful one, as expected, and that his complete recovery may be rapid.

GALLUP-FROST.

Petty Home Wedding was Solemnized Last Evening.

Last evening at the home of Mr. and Charles Milroy on South Mechanic street occurred the marriage of Mrs. Milroy's daughter, Miss Maude Frost, to Mr. Earl Gallup, Rev. W. A. Harris, pastor of the M. E. church saying the words that unified the destinies of this popular couple.

The ceremony, which took place at seven o'clock, in the parlor of the Milroy home, was witnessed by the immediate families of the contracting parties and a few friends. The house was beautifully decorated with ferns and sweet peas.

The bride, who was attired in a handsome white embroidered gown, was attended by Miss Eva Hoffman and Mr. Fred Biever acted as best man.

After the wedding ceremony a sumptuous repast was served. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Gallup automobiled to Port Allegany, where they took the flyer for a honeymoon trip to Philadelphia and Atlantic City.

The bride has for a number of years been head saleslady at the Fry & Comes store and is one of Smethport's most popular young ladies.

Mr. Gallup is employed as mail carrier on route No. 2 of the local post office. He is a young man of excellent qualities who numbers his friends by the legion.

The Miner unites with hosts of friends in tendering them congratulations on this auspicious occasion.

ESCAPED FROM JAIL.

Tony Oakes, Trusty of the County Jail Made for the Tall Timber.

Tony Oakes of Crosby, who was serving a nine months' sentence at the county jail, made his escape on Wednesday night of last week and has since been numbered among the missing.

Early in the summer Oakes was arrested on a charge of assault with intent to kill. He had attacked a man living in Norwich township with an axe but did not succeed in carrying out his murderous intentions. At the June term of court he was convicted on this charge and sentenced to jail.

Wednesday evening he went after the cows, kept at the jail, and after some time had elapsed and Tony and the cows had failed to put in an appearance, an investigation was made. The animals were found undisturbed in the pasture and the man had evidently kept right on going.

An effort was made to apprehend the escaped convict but without success.

The latter part of last week the authorities received word that Oakes had been seen around Crosby. Officers went to the scene, but, while the man had, without a doubt, been there as stated, he had disappeared before the arrival of the searchers reached the place. All efforts that have been made to locate him since have resulted in nothing.

Oakes, who has done time in prison for killing a man, was suspected of being connected with the destruction by fire of the house of John Oleson at Crosby last summer, at which time that man was burned to death. Nothing could be proved against Oakes, who was in the house at the time the fire started, and he was released by the coroner's jury.

I have just received a car load of salt, all grades, common fine and diamond F rock salt, and also all grades of dairy and table salt which I offer at the lowest market price.

G. W. KING,
East Smethport.

Will Open September 6.

Westbrook Commercial Academy will begin its 29th year September 6.

MIMA IS A BAD MAN.

He Carried a Dynamite Bomb and was Arrested.

A telephone call was received Monday evening from Boyer, a place located on the B., R. & P. railroad, between Mt. Jewett and Newton, asking that an officer be sent there at once.

Boyer is at present the scene of activity on the new construction work of the B., R. & P. railroad and a large number of men make their headquarters there.

It appears that F. J. Covert, an American boss on the job, had discharged a foreigner named Mima Rockwitch, who had been in his employ.

In an altercation that followed the dismissal Rockwitch made dire threats against his former employer.

All day Monday the discharged man shadowed Covert and his actions along with the threats he had made led the boss to send to this place for an officer.

Constable Foote and L. K. Hogarth started for the scene about 8 o'clock and on arriving there went to a shanty where they found the man wanted, and placed him under arrest.

There were twenty-five foreigners in the hut at the time the officers entered but no resistence was offered, although one of the inmates is said to have displayed a revolver.

On being arrested Rockwitch had in his possession a small dynamite bomb. The projectile was made from the bottom part of a tin can and contained a quantity of blasting powder, which was covered by pieces of battered lead pipe, the whole being held in place by the top edges of the can, which were pounded down over the contents.

The man was carrying the bomb in a handkerchief which was folded up in such a manner as to be used as a sling shot and had he thrown the instrument it would have, without a doubt, wrought the desired havoc.

Messrs. Foote and Hogarth arrived in Smethport with their prisoner about 4 o'clock Tuesday morning and lodged him in jail.

Tuesday forenoon Rockwitch was taken before Justice Gleason and given a hearing. The evidence was so strong that the justice placed him under $300 bail to answer to surety of the peace at the next term of criminal court. Bail was not forthcoming and the prisoner was committed to jail.

Rockwitch has all the ear marks of an all round bad man.

HOME AGAIN.

Jud Jones is Back at Jail—A Batch of New Prisoners.

Jud Jones of Bradford, whose troubles are as many as his inches are few, after an absence of several months can once more be found at a cell in the county jail in this borough.

Jud's pilgrimages to the county jail are of frequent occurrence and, as a general rule, of long duration. In fact it is said that he is actually ill at ease when at liberty.

He finished up quite a long sentence last summer and his protracted absence since that time was beginning to cause some uneasiness among the attendants at the county prison.

This time he comes back with a companion named Grant Smith. The two men are charged with enticing a "culled" gentleman, who came to Bradford to see the races, to a room, where they "rolled" him for a sum of money.

They were given a hearing before a Bradford magistrate who held them under bail for their appearance at court. In default of bail they were brought to Smethport by County Detective Jones last Friday.

"Welcome to our city," exclaimed "Juddie" as he greeted Deputy Sheriff Morrison, after his arrival in this place and he at once proceeded to get settled amid familiar surroundings at the bastile.

Along with Jones and Smith Detective Jones brought to Smethport and lodged in jail Carl Frank and Joseph Spete who are alleged to have sent a black hand note which threatened dire things to Mike Rich, a Bradford contractor, demanding a sum of money. They were captured when they met Mr. Rich at an appointed place to receive the money, and the latter drew a gun and held the two men until they were arrested. At a hearing last week the prisoners were each held under $600 bail for their appearance at court, in default of which they were committed to jail.

One Hundred Positions.

100 good positions were secured by students of Westbrook Com'l Academy the past year. 2t.

BRADFORD MAN KILLED.

Nitro Glycerine Factory at Howard Junction "Lets Go" and J. D. Sloan was Blown to Atoms.

Tuesday's Bradford Era says: John D. Sloan, a well known resident of this city and for many years engaged in the nitro-glycerine business, met a shocking death about 2:30 o'clock Monday afternoon when the nitro-glycerine factory of the DuPont Powder company located near Howard Junction, "let go."

Mr. Sloan went to the factory yesterday morning and was engaged in making nitro-glycerine when the explosion occurred. It is estimated that about 150 quarts of the high explosive compound was in the factory at the time.

Thomas McCann, an assistant, was in the canning house, located about 600 feet away, when the accident happened and he thus escaped injury.

The nitro-glycerine was run by gravity from the factroy building to the canning house, through an enclosed trough. When the factory building went up the explosive in the trough, to within about 20 feet of the canning house, also exploded. Had the canning house gone up with the 700 quarts contained therein, the damage would have been much greater.

The factory building was wrecked in the usual way. Mr. Sloan's body was torn and mutilated horribly. Parts that were found were taken to Koch Brothers undertaking establishment.

Mr. Sloan had been engaged in the nitro-glycerine business for many years, having formerly been a proprietor of a plant. In the early days of the oil business he was also a driller and contractor.

The explosion was felt in Bradford but it was not so forceful as some of the preceding detonations of similar character in the vicinity of Howard Junction. No damage was done except at the factory.

The Dupont Powder company's factory was built last spring and replaced a building that was demolished by a similar explosion.

Mr. Sloan is survived by his widow, one daughter, Miss Lottie Sloan; three sons, Frazier Sloan of Robinson, Ill.; John and Vere Sloan of Bradford. The family residence is on Congress street extension.

DEATH OF MRS. DENNISON.

She Passed Away at Bradford Hospital Last Friday—Was Mother of D. A. Dennison, Editor of Bradford Era.

Saturday's Bradford Era: Mrs. Nora Dennison died at the Bradford hospital last night at 11:25 o'clock, aged 84 years. Her life ended on the sixth anniversary of the death of her husband, the late Jeremiah Dennison.

On Sunday morning last the aged lady sustained a severe injury. Owing to a fall, her left hip was fractured very seriously and she was otherwise injured. She was taken from the residence of M. J. Murphy on Summer street, where for the past six years she had made her home, and was given treatment at the Bradford hospital.

From the time of the accident Mrs. Dennison seemed to fully realize that she was in a critical condition. She expected that death would soon result and it was her desire that this should be so. Her wish, in this regard, was fulfilled at the above stated time, when surrounded by members of her family, her spirit passed peacefully to the beyond.

Mrs. Dennison was a native of Cork county, Ireland. When she was but 11 years of age her parents both died and some years later, with her brothers and sisters she came to America, locating at Middletown, Connecticut. In that place she was united in marriage with the late Jeremiah Dennison and in 1856 the family moved to Pennsylvania locating in Warren county. Soon after the discovery of oil, they proceeded to Titusville, being residents of that vicinity until 1881 when they came to Bradford.

Mrs. Dennison was a most devoted wife and mother and she possessed the respect and esteem of all who knew hr. She was kindly and helpful in her disposition and sought always to the best of her ability to lighten the burdens of those who were distressed. She was possessed of deeply religious convictions and was a consistent and devoted member of the Catholic church. In all the relations of life she was a woman of righteous principles and endearing qualities.

Mrs. Denison is survived by four daughters and one son. The daughters are Mrs. Archie Walker of Lafayette, Pa., Mrs. M. J. Murphy, (with whom she made her home), Mrs. Anna Beatty, and Mrs. J. P. Sullivan all of Bradford. Her son is David A. Dennison also of this city.

The funeral of Mrs. Dennison was held at St. Bernard's church, Bradford, Monday morning. Interment was made at St. Bernard's cemetery.

NEW PARTY FORMED.

Mr. Berry is its Leader—It is Christened the Keystone Party.

Philadelphia, Pa., July 28.—A brand new party was born in Witherspoon Hall to-day, was christened "the Keystone party" and this State ticket was put in the field:

Governor—William H. Berry, of Chester.

Lieutenant Governor— D. Clarence Gibbony of Philadelphia.

State Treasurer—Cornelius D. Scully of Pittsburg.

Secretary of Internal Affairs—John J. Casey of Wilkesbarre.

A platform was adopted in which the most striking feature is a plank calling for local option. The usual attack was made on the State machine, so-called.

While the party title is new, the gathering was made up of a number of old-time convention goers, a big contingent being Democrats who were defeated in the Allentown convention in their efforts to land Berry upon the Democratic ticket for governor.

The real leader of the convention was a Bryan Democrat, Eugene C. Bonniwell, who is the Democratic nominee for Congress in the seventh district and who was Berry's campaign manager both in his efforts to win the Democratic nomination and his manipulation of the new party movement.

Berry's leading opponent in the balloting was Rudolph Blankenburg of this city who polled 46 to 96 for Berry. Former Mayor George W. Guthrie of Pittsburg was third in the race polling 22 votes.

Most of the Philadelphians favored Blankenburg after a letter was read from D. Clarence Gibbony declining to allow his name to go before the convention for the governorship.

Many are of the opinion that Gibboney will not permit his name to remain upon the ticket for second place.

The independent Republican element are greatly incensed over the Democrats landing their favorite at the head of the ticket. They insisted that their only chance to make any showing in the fall campaign was through the polling of votes of dissatisfied Republicans and they wanted a Republican for governor.

Dr. Charles Dillinger, the head of the Allegheny County delegation, after Berry was nominated, made a public declaration upon the floor of the convention that the new party had thrown away its chances of victory.

RECEIVED PAINFUL INJURY.

S. H. Cleveland May Have to Undergo Operation.

S. H. Cleveland, manager of the electrical toy factory met with a painful accident while at his work Tuesday morning.

Mr. Cleveland was working over an emery wheel at the plant when a large particle flew off the fastly revolving wheel and struck him in the eye. The injured man consulted Dr. Chadwick, who succeeded in removing the emery. Mr. Cleveland has been suffering great pain, but the injured eye is now showing some improvement.

Excursion to Riverhurst and Rock City Parks, Sunday, August 7th, 1910, via Shawmut Line.

The St. Marys Silver Cornet Band has been engaged to give a concert at Rock City Park during the afternoon of Sunday, August 7th, and will accompany the P., S. & N. excursion from St. Marys. Train leaves Smethport at 10:27 a. m. Fare for the round trip, including admission to the Park, to Riverhurst $1.05, to Rock City $1.30.

For further particulars apply to P., S. & N. R. R. agent or address

JOS. T. ODELL,
General Passenger Agent.

A Word to the Wise.

The state through its normal schools offers unusual advantages to young men and women. The Clarion State Normal School with its present equipment has no superior. It opens the doors of opportunity by giving the finest educational advantages at a very low cost. The entire year's expense, including board, room rent, light, heat, and laundry is only $161. Write for illustrated catalog to J. George Becht, Principal, Clarion, Pa.

A STILLETO DUEL.

Occurred at Lewis Run Sunday Afternoon.

County Detective Jones of this borough was notified Sunday evening of a stabbing match or rather a duel, which was pulled off at Lewis Run, near Bradford, that afternoon between two Italians. The county official left immediately for the scene.

The reports of the affair, greatly exaggerated, first reached Bradford and a riot call was sent to the police of that city, but before the officers reached Lewis Run word was received that the combatants had been separated. Constable Howe of Bradford reached Lewis Run soon after but no arrests were made.

The Bradford Era, which sent a representative to the scene gave the following account of the affray:

"It appears that during the afternoon two Italians, one known as Joe Polis, had some misunderstanding and there was a fight. Polis has lived at Lewis Run for some time and was employed as a laborer at the plant of the Alumina Shale Brick company at that place. He was considered a good workman and industrious.

Within the past few days a strange Italian has been about Lewis Run. No one could be found that could tell his name. It was known, however, that the stranger had but recently finished a term in the penitentiary. He is said to possess a very unruly and ugly disposition.

Both the stranger and Polis had knives. Polis was the most seriously injured. He was badly cut about the face and was covered with blood. His companion was also bleeding from flesh wounds.

People at Lewis Run say that the two men went about the street at that place for over an hour and at intervals, would jab the knives into each other until a couple of Americans undertook and succeeded in parting the fighters. It was a duel, with Polis, the smaller of the two men, getting the worst of it.

Undertaker Sloan, who happened to be in the vicinity had Polis loaded into his wagon and he was brought to the Bradford hospital where the patient was given surgical attention by Dr. Page. Late last night he was getting along as well as could be expected under the circumstances, although he had lost much blood from the many knife wounds.

The strange Italian immediately took for the woods after the fracas.

When a representative of the Era reached Lewis Run, there was much excitement among the residents. Men, women and children were everywhere on the sidewalks and in the streets. All were discussing the fight in their native language. Americans at Lewis Run say that the two men started to fight near Mike Ross' place and continued as they passed through the two principal streets. The fact that one or the other did not get a fatal knife wound is remarkable."

County Detective Jones on reaching Bradford, on his way to the scene, stopped in that city, and accompanied by Constables Cline and Howe and Officer Kilgrin, proceeded to Lewis Run in an automobile. Here they searched for the other participant in the cutting but returned to Bradford without finding the man.

Monday morning the county detective and Constable Howe of Bradford, again went to Lewis Run and this time found their man. After the stabbing he had walked to Custer City and had his wounds, which were slight, dressed by Dr. Egebert of that place and returned to Lewis Run. He gave his name as Rocco Trippo.

The man recently completed a six year term in the Western penitentiary for carving up a Kane man.

He denied having started the fight, which is said to have stared over a bottle of beer.

Trippo was taken to Bradford and given a hearing before Alderman Williams. He was held under $1,000 bail, in default of which he was brought to Smethport Tuesday noon by Detective Jones and lodged in the county jail to await the next term of criminal court.

Proceedings will also be brought against Polis as soon as he is released from the hospital.

A School of Merit.

Established 1882. No paid solicitors. No false inducements. Westbrook Com'l Academy, Olean, N. Y.

Edinboro Normal prepares teachers to teach school. Fall session of fifteen weeks begins Sept. 6, 1910. Catalog free. John F. Bigler, Prin.

He Won the Bet

He Also Won Something Else That Was Not Included In the Terms

By DAVID W. CHURCH

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A number of people stood on the plaza of a summer hotel leading into Washington, now looking at their watches and now up the road as if expecting something or somebody. Among them was a young lady dressed evidently for an automobile ride.

"If he gets here at 3 o'clock he'll be an hour ahead of time," said one.

"What time is he due in Washington?" asked another.

"At 6."

"What's up on it?"

"Oh, nothing valuable. It's a gentleman's race against time. A dozen pairs of gloves are all there is in it."

"Here he comes now."

The last one of these remarks was scarcely spoken before a minute cloud of dust was easily discernible up the road. An automobile appeared a mere speck and began to grow in apparent size. In another minute it pulled up at the steps of the hotel. A young man jumped out, calling for gasoline and such other automobile equipments as he needed. The lady mentioned stepped up to him and said:

"Mr. Champlin, I believe."

"I am," replied the auto man, bowing and trying to get hold of his cap to pull it off.

"My cousin, Humphrey Cook, knowing that I was here, that I adore automobiling and that I wish to go to the city, has written me that you would stop here and possibly would take me in."

Mr. Champlin hesitated.

"I'll be no trouble," the lady added.

"Really I should be delighted for your company, but in case of any delay I may have to proceed at breakneck speed."

"The faster you go the better I shall like it."

"Very well. I'm an hour ahead and if nothing breaks shall have no trouble in reaching the goal on time. Are you ready?"

"I am."

"Step in, Miss— I beg your pardon. I didn't get your name."

"Hood—Jacqueline Hood," replied the girl.

Mr. Champlin started. "Jack Hood!" he exclaimed.

"The same. Is there anything about Jack Hood that you don't like?"

"I've heard she's the worst feminine daredevil the world has ever seen."

"You've also heard probably that she knows all about an auto. Perhaps she may aid you in case of trouble."

By this time Miss Hood was settling herself comfortably in the auto, tying her veil under her chin. There was a singular look on Champlin's face. He had let Humphrey Cook that he would drive his auto to New York and return by a given time. Might not Cook have sent this girl to delay him?

"I'm sorry, Miss Hood," he said, "but I've changed my mind about taking you."

"I haven't changed mine about going."

A bewitching smile hovered on her lips, and her eyes danced with mischief.

"Very well," he said. "I'll take you. But remember that if once there's any rascality perpetrated I shall treat you just as I should a man."

"Good! That's the way I wish to be treated."

During this scene the onlookers had gathered around the machine, and at the last words some of the men and all the women clapped their hands. Champlin got in, and the couple rolled away, followed by cheers and the waving of handkerchiefs. In another minute nothing could be seen of them but a tiny dust cloud.

For an hour Miss Hood entertained the driver of the auto in such a way as to make him forget everything but her. Nevertheless his eye was on the speed gauge and the clock, and nothing pertaining to winning his race was neglected. There are women who can do more with a man in an hour than other women can do in a lifetime. Miss Hood simply absorbed him.

"Have you time to stop for a glass of milk?" she asked.

"Certainly."

"Well, there's a farmhouse off the road up there. Would you mind getting one for me?"

Mr. Champlin stopped before the gate and went up to the house. A woman answered his knock at the door and he went inside. He was no sooner out of sight than Miss Hood jumped out, took a small nickel plated monkey wrench from her pocket, unscrewed a nut and put it in her pocket. She had not finished her work before Champlin reappeared with a glass of milk in his hand. Miss Hood announced [illegible] his presence by hearing the [illegible] of glass on stone. Looking up she saw Champlin the picture of astonishment and chagrin. He knew that he had been "done."

Striding with a quick step to the auto, he said sternly:

"You know what I said before leaving—that if there was any fraudulent perpetrated I would treat you just as I should a man."

"Oh, yes," she replied, making a face at him; "I remember that."

"Give me what you have removed."

"I decline to do so."

Champlin made a dive for her. She sidled around the auto. He followed chasing her in a circle. She was too fleet for him. He was strong, but she was agile. At every step there would be the pretty face brimming with mischief, her eyes riveted on him that she should be ready for his slightest move. Finally he gave it up.

"Did Cook send you out to do this?"

"Yes."

"Well, I suppose I shall have to lose the bet."

"That isn't necessary."

"What do you mean?"

"That if you ask me to give you what I have taken I will do so."

"On what conditions?"

"No conditions."

"No conditions? What do you mean?"

"I mean that I agreed with Humphrey for a dozen pairs of gloves to come out and delay you. Please don't ask me why I prefer not to do so."

She cast down her eyes, and her meaning was plain. She had "gone soft" on Champlin.

She handed him the nut. He replaced it, and in another minute they were shooting again along the road.

Champlin was delighted. Cook had very nearly got ahead of him—would have got ahead of him had it not been that the girl had taken so great a fancy to him that she hadn't the heart to "do" him. What a splendid joke it would be on Cook and the party who were present at the making of the bet when Champlin and Miss Hood rolled up to the —— hotel on time! Miss Hood hadn't even asked for the gloves her cousin had offered her to help him win them. Champlin told her that as soon as he received the stakes he would give them to her and she could change them for ladies' gloves. Instead of being pleased at this, she appeared to be very much hurt. Champlin begged her to tell him why, and she replied that she had not consented to be a tincont for a bribe. This left him to understand that she had done it all for him. There was a very tender scene between them, at the end of which the misunderstanding was made up, and for the rest of the journey Miss Cook held the steering wheel, while Mr. Champlin's arm was about her waist.

There were no more delays. On approaching the city, having still an hour's leeway, they concluded to stop at a convenient place and get the dust out of their throats with an ice. Champlin left the lady for a brief season while he poured out something more effective than an ice in doing away with dust. On rejoining her they partook of the ices and resumed their journey.

"What are you smiling at?" asked Miss Hood of her companion.

"Oh, I was thinking how surprised that cousin of yours will be when we roll up on time. That was a rascally proceeding of his, and it deserved to fail. If you hadn't been the dearest girl in the world it would have succeeded. But just think of his surprise when he hears of the other part of it."

He managed to get hold of her hand with his left, holding on to the wheel with one hand, and they bowled along in this way until they met another conveyance.

And now the dome of the capitol with the figure perched upon it loomed up faint in the distance. It was not long before the outskirts of the city were reached, and half an hour before the time limit had expired they stopped at the ladies' entrance to the —— hotel. A liveried servant advanced and said:

"Mr. Cook and a party of ladies and gentlemen are in a private dining room waiting for you, sir."

Entering the room, Champlin expected to find Cook eager to know why his scheme had failed. Instead Cook handed his cousin a dozen pairs of ladies' gloves. After this he put out his hand to Champlin.

"I congratulate you, old boy, with all my heart on your engagement."

Champlin stood mute with astonishment.

"Champ, old boy," added Cook, "you need an explanation. To make you lose I sent my cousin Jack out to effect an entrance into your auto and delay you on the way. If she succeeded she was to have a dozen pairs of gloves for a reward. She has lost the gloves."

"That's plain," said Champlin.

"Well, there was a bet between Jack and me of another dozen pairs of gloves against a hundred cigars that she would make you propose to her on the way."

Champlin looked so many emotions, of which astonishment and shamefacedness were the most prominent, that all burst into a laugh, in which he finally joined. Then, turning to Miss Hood, he advanced, with a puzzled, inquiring look on his face.

"Was it all a sham?" he asked.

She made no reply in words, but a slight color rising to her cheeks indicated that the brief period she had passed, even of a sham engagement, had not been unpleasant to her. Besides, Champlin was regarded as one of the best catches in Washington. Since he could get no word of confirmation he concluded to apply a test. Putting an arm around the girl's waist, he drew her toward him and kissed her. She submitted without a protest.

"It's a go!" shouted Cook, and there was a burst of merriment, all crowding around Miss Hood to congratulate her, the men with handshakes, the women with kisses.

"Good for you, Champ!" cried Humphrey Cook. "You've won out all around. But the stake on the race is nothing compared with winning a wife. And you've got a dandy. Jack can run anything from an auto to a man, and you'll find that she can take both the auto and the man apart and put them together again without the least trouble."

THE ARCTIC PERIL

Peary's Method of Battling With Polar Conditions.

THE USE OF RELAY PARTIES.

Without This System, the Explorer Says, It Would Be a Physical Impossibility For Any Man to Reach the Pole and Return to Tell the Tale.

Many persons who have asked why if Peary got to the pole, it was impossible for Cook to do so will find an answer in Commander Peary's own story in Hampton's. Although he does not mention Dr. Cook by name, Peary shows how impossible it would be for a man without his equipment and system to surmount the difficulties of such a journey. He says:

"Fortitude and endurance alone are not enough in themselves to carry a man to the north pole. Only with years of experience in traveling those regions, only with the aid of a large party also experienced in that character of work, only with the knowledge of arctic detail and the equipment necessary to prepare himself and his party for any and every emergency, is it possible for a man to reach that long sought goal and return.

"In order that the reader may understand this journey over the ice of the polar sea it is necessary that the theory and practice of pioneer and supporting parties should be fully understood.

"The use of relay parties in arctic work is not new, but the idea was carried further in the last expedition of the Peary Arctic club than ever before.

"Without this system it would be a physical impossibility for any man to reach the north pole and return to tell the tale.

"First.—Because a single division, comprising either a small or a large number of men and dogs, could not possibly drag all the way to the pole and back (some 900 miles) as much food and liquid fuel as the men and dogs of that division would consume during the many weeks of the journey.

"Second.—It is absolutely necessary that the arduous work of trail breaking for the first two-thirds of the distance should be done by one division after another in succession in order to save the strength of the main party for its final dash alone.

"Third.—When the supplies of one sledge after another have been consumed the drivers of these sledges and the dogs are superfluous mouths which cannot be fed from the scanty supply of provisions being dragged forward over the ice.

"Fourth.—Each division being an independent unit, these divisions can be withdrawn at intervals from the main party without affecting the main party.

"Fifth.—At the very end, when the supporting parties have performed their important work of trail breaking and transportation of supplies, the main party for the final dash must be small and carefully selected, as a small party can travel so much faster than a large one.

"The pioneer party was one unit division, made up of four of the most active and experienced men of the expedition, with sledges lightly loaded with five of six days' provisions, drawn by the best dog teams that could be selected from the entire pack. When we started from Cape Columbia this pioneer party, headed by Bartlett, went out twenty-four hours in advance of the main party. Later on, when we reached the time of continuous day-light and sunlight through the twenty-four hours, the pioneer party was but twelve hours in advance of the main party.

"The duty of this pioneer party was to make a search in every twenty-four hours in spite of every obstacle, excepting, of course, some impassable lead. Whether there was a deep snow or violent winds to be faced or mountainous pressure ridges to be climbed over, the march of the pioneer party must be made, for past experience had proved that whatever distance was covered by the advance party with its light sledges could be covered in less time by the main party even with heavily loaded sledges, because the main party, having the trail to follow, was not obliged to waste time in reconnoitering.

"In other words, the pioneer party was the pacemaker of the expedition, and whatever distance it made was the measure of accomplishment for the main party. The leader of the pioneer party, in the first instance Bartlett, would start out ahead of his division, usually of the snowshoes. Then the light sledges of the party would follow after. Thus the leader of the pioneer division was pioneering ahead of his own party, and that whole division was pioneering ahead of the main party.

"One great advantage which I had on this expedition was that, owing to the size of my party, whenever the men in this pioneer division became exhausted with their arduous labor and lack of sleep I could withdraw them into the main party and send out a fresh division to take their place. A large party is absolutely necessary to success."

Narrowing the Field.

"I cannot make a choice—there are so many candidates for my hand."

"Let 'em hold a primary, then."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

How blunt are the arrows of adversity in comparison with those of guilt!—Blair.

THE PRIZE PRESENT.

It Was the Gem of the Wedding Gifts —— He Assured the Bride.

Bored, unspeakably bored, he found himself in the room where the gifts were displayed. But then he might as well be here as any place else, he argued, for everything connected with a wedding was a bore. His gaze wandered listlessly over the collection of silver, meat forks, cut glass berry bowls and onyx clocks till it fell on a faded little old Japanese print almost hidden behind a hideous chafing dish that looked as if it might have been handed down by the cliff dwellers.

In another moment he was before it; tingling with excitement, the spirit of the collector rampant.

"An Utamaro, sure as you're alive!" he exclaimed, looking about for some one with whom to share his joy. Anybody would do, so he tapped a stranger on the shoulder and announced with the air of reporting the discovery of a diamond mine, "It's an Utamaro, the real thing!"

"A what?" asked the man, adjusting his glasses.

"It is by Utamaro, the master of Japanese artists," he answered as he fled in search of his wife. She would understand. "To think of wasting it on those donkeys who won't know it from a signboard!" he grumbled.

He found her shaking hands with the bride, so he rushed up and rung the girl's hand enthusiastically. "I have just been admiring that peachy Utamaro!" he exclaimed excitedly.

"A peachy Utamaro! What's that?" asked the bride, mystified.

"That rare old Japanese print up there. It's the gem of your whole layout."

"Oh!" exclaimed the bride faintly, looking a little queer, so he thought, as she turned to greet another guest.

As his wife dragged him away he demanded to know what the dickens was the matter with that Utamaro.

"It was our present to them," she moaned. "I didn't dare tell you. You would have wanted it for your collection."—Los Angeles Times.

A BOSTON LANDMARK.

The Grasshopper Weather Vane Perched Atop Faneuil Hall.

Perched on the cupola of Faneuil hall is a grasshopper weather vane which is not only one of the oldest vanes in the country, but is famous as the product of one of America's earliest woodcarvers and artisans, Shem Drowne of Boston.

Drowne's shop was on Ann street in the north end.

Of the many vanes he made only three are now known to be in existence—the one on the Shepard Memorial church in Cambridge, which formerly was on the steeple of the New Brick church on Hanover street in this city and known as the revenge vane; the one in the collection of the Massachusetts Historical society, a relic of the old Boston province house, and the one on Faneuil hall.

This grasshopper of copper, hammered out by hand, has large glassy eyes, which, in the sunlight shine like fire. It was made in 1742 at the order of Peter Faneuil when the hall, his gift to the town, was nearing completion.

It has not, however, lived a life of unbroken peace, for several times it has been near destruction. In 1755, when Boston was shaken by an earthquake, the vane fell to the ground, but after being supplied with a new leg by the son of the man who made it it was replaced.

Five years later Faneuil hall was seriously damaged by fire, but the vane remained intact, and when the hall was rebuilt the grasshopper was once more given the place of honor.

Another disaster befell it when in 1880 a flag was being raised to celebrate the anniversary of the evacuation of the city by the British. The hopper hopped to the street below. But in a few days it hopped right back again, and there it has remained ever since, with the exception of an occasional removal for repairs.—Boston Globe.

When Solid Iron Floats.

Experiments have shown that if a ball of solid iron be lowered into a mass of liquid iron by means of a metal fork the ball at first sinks to the bottom with the fork, but that in a few seconds it will leave the prongs and rise to the surface, where it continues to float until it melts. The rising is explained by the expansion of the ball, due to heating, whereby it becomes, bulk for bulk, less dense than the molten metal.—St. Louis Republic.

Kipling's Corncob.

"Did Kipling ever steal one of my corncob pipes?" said the late Mark Twain once.

"Never, and if he says so he's wrong. He tried to steal one and failed; then he tried to steal another, but I prevented the theft and gave it to him, probably the only pipe that Kipling ever got honestly."

Thrift.

An economical housewife drank a quantity of silver nitrate by mistake. The doctor, who had been hastily summoned, ordered large drafts of the white of eggs to be administered. "Mary, Mary," murmured the almost unconscious patient, "save the yolks for puddings!"—Success Magazine.

The Champion.

"By the way," continued the near sport, "who is the lightweight champion of America?"

"It is still a matter of doubt," answered the wise guy. "Some claim the title for the coal dealer, while others say the iceman is entitled to it."—Chicago News.

THE FUEGIANS.

They Are Stunted and Misshapen as Well as Hideously Ugly.

At the two extremes of the American continent dwell the most wretched races of beings—the Eskimos at the north and the Fuegians at the south. Of the two the Fuegians appear to be the lowest in the civilized scale, their general aspect being wretched and degraded.

Their hideously ugly faces express the grossest stupidity, and their persons are both stunted and misshaped. The average height of the men does not exceed five feet two inches, that of the women four feet eight inches, and owing to their habit of standing in a stooping attitude they look even less than their actual height.

But, although they are veritable pygmies in stature, yet their bodies are exceedingly large, and their general appearance is such as might result from tacking on to the trunk of a giant the arms and legs of a child.

Their color appears to be a copper bronze, but as nearly all are begrimed with smoke it is difficult to specify their precise hue. The very young children are light brown in color with the exception of the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet, which are of a dirty yellow.

The heads of the adults are covered with coarse black hair which falls in lank masses to the neck behind and on each side of the face, but is cut away from before the eyes.

The forehead is low and retreating, the nose broad, flat and furnished with immense nostrils, and the mouth is very wide, with thick, protruding lips, the upper one being very much elongated.

The eyes are small and placed somewhat obliquely, the iris is invariably black in color, and the white of the eye has a distinctly yellowish tinge. Moreover, owing apparently to the irritation produced by the smoke of the fires over which they are so constantly crouching, they are very generally bleareyed.

The teeth, although very much discolored, are, as a rule, regular and sound. The men have naturally only a few black bristles scattered over the upper lip and chin. These, however, are carefully extracted from time to time by means of two mussel shells, and very frequently the hair of the eyebrows is removed by a similar process. The males appear to pay no attention whatever to the dressing of their hair, but the women are somewhat more particular and may frequently be seen employing in its arrangement the tarsal bone of a guanaco in lieu of a comb.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Halibut in Canada.

"One cannot be long in any hotel or restaurant in Canada without seeing halibut on the bill of fare," says a writer in Canada. "In this respect it assumes the position of a national dish. It is there on Christmas day and again on midsummer day, and there are not many days in between these two dates when halibut fails to place on the menu. So plentiful is halibut in the waters of the west coast of Vancouver Island that Ernest McGaffey, on one occasion watched a few Indians, with their crude fishing arrangements, catch 2,000 pounds in Clayoquot sound in one day. When it is remembered that a halibut sometimes weighs as much as 300 pounds perhaps this achievement will lose a tiny part of its glory."

Color Harmony.

The key to all color harmony is simply this—that kindred or related colors harmonize, go well together, while unrelated colors are antagonistic to each other. Those colors are kindred which are side by side on the spectrum band or the color circuit. Red is kindred to orange because orange is an admixture of red and yellow; orange is kindred to yellow because of the yellow in the orange; yellow is akin to green because green is an admixture of yellow and blue.

A Street in Moscow.

One street in Moscow, Miesnitskaya Ulitza, is devoted almost entirely to stores selling machinery. The windows of these shops are large and of plate glass and display the various wares to good advantage. Many windows are devoted to large exhibits of various mechanisms, and at a certain hour in the afternoon these machines are so far as possible set in motion to give practical illustration of their workings.

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W. B. MEANS.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, August 4, 1910.

Local and General.

—Some cold nights and mornings along back.

—Mrs. J. W. Bouton entertained a number of ladies at Frog camp last Friday.

—The John Eberspacher building on Main street has been brightened by a coat of paint.

—The machines block on Main street, owned by Mrs. F. A. Mason of Buffalo, has been repainted.

—A cement walk has been laid in front of the property of the Swedish Mission church on Pine street.

—The thermometer registered just 10 degrees above freezing in this borough early last Sunday morning.

—A party composed of Mr. and Mrs. Kline and family and Mr. and Mrs. James Chisholm are camping at Coryville.

—Sam Green, the well known local contractor has purchased a fine team of work horses. He secured the animals in Buffalo.

—A number of repairs have been made on the interior of the dwelling house owned by Mrs. Mae Kerns of Buffalo, on Main street. The exterior has been treated to a fresh coat of paint.

—Rev. J. E. Hallmertz, pastor of the Swedish Mission church of this borough, occupied the pulpit of the Mt. Jewett church of this denomination last evening.

—Owing to the fact that several of the members are out of town the Odd Fellows band will give no concert on the court house lawn Sunday afternoon.

—The Odd Fellows band gave another delightful concert in the band stand on the court house lawn Sunday afternoon. These Sunday afternoon concerts are proving a great source of enjoyment to residents of this borough.

—Editor S. R. Lindsey of the Democrat and County Commissioner J. P. Devlin left Tuesday for Philadelphia where they were in attendance of the notification of Webster Grimm, the Democratic candidate for Governor, in that city, yesterday.

—The Improved Order of Red Men are projecting the purchase of a farm in Western Pennsylvania and the erection thereon of suitable buildings and equipment for a home for aged and superannuated members of the order.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Bahan of Bradford announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Vida Mary Bahan to Mr. Thomas F. O'Brien of Fort Worth, Tex., formerly of Bradford.

—Samuel E. Bell has purchased a six cylinder Oldsmobile touring car. The machine arrived in town Monday. Mr. Bell and chauffeur having driven it from Lansing, Mich. It is a big car and has plenty of speed.

—County Superintendent of Schools B. S. Bayle of this borough conducted teachers' examinations in Bradford on Monday for the benefit of a number who have been attending summer school in that city for the past six weeks.

—Saturday's Bradford Star-Record says: The death of Frank D. Garin, aged 23 years, occurred this morning at 7 o'clock at his home in Limestone. His death was due to typhoid pneumonia. Deceased was an oil well worker. He was a member of St. Patrick's church at Limestone. He is survived by his father, P. J. Garin, his mother Mrs. P. J. Garin, nee Loney; and two sisters, Miss Mabel Garin of Limestone and Mrs. J. C. Lamb of Chipmonk. Deceased had lived all of his life in Limetsone and was highly respected.

—The Bradford Sunday Herald has the following to say of the troubles of an insurance company, the headquarters of which were formerly located in that city: Three members or former members of the National Fraternal League have brought an action in equity against the officers and directors of the organization and the Columbian Protective association of Binghamton, N. Y. The business of the N. F. L., it is said, has been transferred to the Binghamton association. Mullin & Mullin are the attorneys for the Bradford men, Messrs. Elof Peterson, C. J. Heinzman and F. M. McGill.

—R. J. Straight, a well known oil producer of Bradford is reported to be in hard straits, financially. The amount of his indebtedness is estimated at $300,000 and it is expected that his assets will be sufficient to more than pay all his obligations. James George, Esq., and J. E. Haskell have been appointed trustees. Mr. Straight's affairs reached a climax recently when suits were instituted by the Marine Bank of Buffalo and the Bank of Fredonia to recover the amount of notes which were made by P. M. Shannon and endorsed by Mr. Straight. Mr Straight's many friends throughout this section will unite in the hope that his financial troubles will be of short duration.

STRINGING PEARLS

A Difficult Task That Calls For Skill and Judgment.

CORDED ON SURGEON'S SILK.

A Soft, Round Strand of Pure White Woven Thread Is Employed, and an Intricate System of Knotting Guards the Gems Should the String Break.

Every now and then a story is printed about the loss of a valuable string of pearls through the breaking of the cord on which they were hung and their slipping off and scattering over the floor or sidewalk. Those who know anything about the stringing of pearls, however, always read these tales with incredulity, because nowadays, as a general thing, only false pearls or those of small price are strung without a knot being tied between each of them, so that if the cord breaks no more than one can fall off.

It is common belief that because of their great value pearls are strung on something durable, like catgut or wire. As a matter of fact such material is never employed. There is no beauty to a string of pearls that looks wiry or stiff. It must be flexible to the highest degree, otherwise all its graceful effect will be lost. Up to the time of the introduction of surgeon's silk for pearl stringing nothing had been found that would absolutely meet the requirements of strength and flexibility.

That the most valuable pearls are today strung on cords of surgeon's silk is due to the suggestion of a woman employee of a New York jewelry house.

Surgeon's silk—the thread that is used for sewing up cuts and wounds—is a soft, round strand of pure white silk which is woven, not twisted. The weave, when viewed under a magnifying glass, closely resembles that of fine silk braid and is capable of only a small degree of expansion. This thread is produced in several diameters or grades, which makes it all the more desirable for pearl stringing. These are numbered instead of being lettered like ordinary sewing silk and are wound on small cards like darning cotton.

When the young woman's idea was first adopted it seemed as though it would prove impracticable owing to the quantity of surgeon's silk manufactured being insufficient to meet the new demands from the jewelers. It was also very expensive. But the idea was such a good one and the surgeon's silk was so much superior to anything ever tried before that in time it was found possible to secure it in sufficient quantities and at wholesale prices.

The principal safeguard against loss, however, is in the method of stringing. An intricate system of knotting the thread between each pearl is employed. This prevents the escape of more than one jewel should the thread break. This knotting is done with tweezers and is a task that requires great skill. There must be no unsightly gaps between the knots and the pearls, and the whole when finished must be immaculate in its whiteness. The tiny knots instead of detracting from the beauty of the necklace enhance it, for they look like seed pearls alternating with the larger ones. Knotting lengthens the necklace also and is often resorted to for that purpose.

When a strand of a certain length is desired and the number of large pearls is not sufficient imitation pearls of the exact size and color are often substituted. Some of these imitations will deceive the eye of any but the most expert.

It often happens that the largest pearls have the smallest holes drilled through them, for every grain that is taken from the pearl reduces its weight. In such cases, however, the risk of the cord breaking is increased owing to the slenderness of the thread and the sharp edges of the pearls cutting through it quickly.

Stringing pearls is never done with a needle. A needle is not yielding enough to pass through very small holes, and the doubling of its diameter at the eye makes its use impracticable. Therefore the end of the thread is sharpened to a very fine point, which is waxed stiffly enough to be used exactly as a needle would be.

Ordinarily pearl stringing is mechanically difficult and also requires taste and judgment. The pearls may have to be rearranged in order to improve their general appearance, as the laying out of collarets especially a great deal of skill is required. In the first place, the collaret must fit exactly. This seems comparatively easy, but it is not. A pattern is always fitted beforehand, but it is rarely the case that the result is satisfactory the first time. Some necks require straight collars, and others slightly curved. The same care is given to the fitting of a collaret as to the set of an expensive gown, and it has to be tried on and changed and adjusted as many times.

Dividers are used to gauge the exact position in which the vertical diamond bars that support the strands of pearls should be placed. Endless care and judgment may be given to laying out the pattern for one of these baubles and getting the measurements absolutely exact, but when it comes to be fitted there is sure to be trouble. It may be too tight at the bottom and too loose at the top, or perhaps the ends may not even meet at all.—Thaddeus S. Dayton in Chicago Record-Herald.

THE ALBATROSS.

The Largest Sea Bird Having the Power of Flight.

The albatross, that wanderer of the sea so often referred to in prose and poem, is nevertheless a stranger to the average person and by some is even considered a myth. In Coleridge's "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" the albatross plays a leading part, and one sorrows for the poor bird, which, after following the ship for weeks, is pitilessly shot down by a mariner.

The albatross is the largest sea bird having the power of flight and is closely allied to the gull, petrel and Mother Carey's chicken. It has a tremendous stretch of wing, averaging from ten to twelve feet. The wings are, however, extremely narrow, being about nine inches in breadth. The body is about four feet in length, and the weight is from fifteen to eighteen pounds, a comparatively light weight when one considers the extreme length of wing. The albatross is possessed of a peculiarly long, oddly shaped bill, which gives it a strange appearance. The nostrils open from round, horizontal tubes on each side of the bill, but at its base.

This great bird is generally met with in southern seas, although it is occasionally seen on our Pacific coast. On the Atlantic side it is rarely found as far north as Tampa Bay.

Its food consists of cuttlefish, jellyfish and scraps thrown from passing ships. It is a voracious bird and at times gorges itself to such an extent that it is unable to rise from the water.

Its power of flight is, however, the most remarkable thing about the albatross. It spends its life, with the exception of a few weeks every year to breed, entirely at sea and is on the wing practically all the time. Furthermore, it does not progress by flapping its wings, as most birds do, but seems to soar at will, rarely if ever giving a stroke of the wing, seeming to need no flapping.—St. Nicholas.

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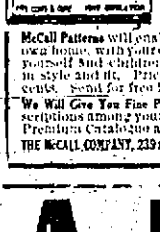

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HARRY L. BACKUS,
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Smethport, Thursday, July 28, 1910.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Governor.
JOHN K. TENER,
of Washington County.

For Lieutenant Governor.
JOHN REYNOLDS,
of Bedford County.

For State Treasurer.
CHARLES FRED WRIGHT,
of Susquehanna County.

For Secy. of Internal Affairs.
HENRY HOUCH,
of Lebanon County.

For Congress.
CHARLES E. PATTON,
of Curwensville.

For Members of Assembly.
SAMUEL E. BELL,
of Smethport,
HORACE H. REDFIELD,
of Smethport.

The past week has been marked by an unusual record of lynchings of negroes and race wars in the South.

At Philadelphia yesterday Webster Grim was notified that he was the burnt offering of the State Democracy as their candidate for governor at the November election.

George Westinghouse, inventor and capitalist, president of the Westinghouse Electrical company of Pittsburg, has been deposed from his position by the directors of that corporation. It is said he is more of an inventor than a financier.

In a race war which was waged between whites and blacks in the section of Palestine, Texas, from Friday until Sunday, eighty were killed and a large number wounded. Three troops of state militia and a detachment of State Rangers participated in the battle.

Porter Charlton, who brutally murdered his wife at Lake Como, Italy, a short time ago, and is being held in New York City, is insane. So announces his attorney, Edwin Smith, upon the report of four alienists who were engaged to examine the prisoner.

At the State convention of Nebraska Democrats held last week, William Jennings Bryan, thrice defeated candidate for President on various Democratic tickets, and who has been the leader of the Democracy of his State for twenty years, was deposed from the leadership. He attempted to place a county option plank in the State platform.

It has been announced that the exceedingly poor health of Justice Moody of the Supreme Court will force his retirement from that body. This will create the third vacancy in the Supreme Court inside of a year's time. Between now and the reassembling of Congress in December, when the appointments will be passed on in the regular way, the President will decide on the justices who are to succeed Fuller and Moody as well as a new chief justice.

A New York dispatch of Aug. 1 says: John G. Carlisle, former secretary of the treasury, under Grover Cleveland, died at his apartments here at 10:50 o'clock last night of heart failure, accompanied by oedema of the lungs.

An intestinal complaint of long standing, which wore down his vitality, lay behind the heart failure. He was attacked by the same trouble, complicated by an ailment of the kidneys, last spring and for a time hovered near death. But his remarkable vitality triumphed then, as it seemed it might even in the illness which ended last night.

After one of the most complete searches of modern criminal annals Dr. Hawley Crippen, an American physician practicing in London, who is charged with the murder of his American wife, known as Belle Elmore on the English stage, was arrested upon the arrival of the S. S. Montrose at Montreal Sunday by Inspector Dew of Scotland Yard. Miss Eethel Leneve who eloped with the Doctor after the murder and was in his company was also placed under arrest. She was attired in boy's clothing. The man and his companion had disappeared before the discovery of his wife's body in the cellar of his London home last month, and it is estimated that 50,000 people all over the world have been on the lookout for him. His identity was first discovered at sea by the captain of the Montrose, who immediately notified the world, unbeknown to anybody on board the boat, except the operator, by wireless telegraph. Inspector Dew took a faster boat for America and arrived here ahead of the Montrose, making the arrest with Canadian police officers, as the latter ship stopped at Father Point, 160 miles from Montreal, off the Canadian coast for a pilot. The four pilots which boarded the boat were officers in disguise. The arrest was a most dramatic one.

The illustrated catalog of the Clarion State Normal School has just come from the printer's hands, and is a handsomely illustrated edition. The frontispiece is a beautiful panoramic view of the entire plant of seven buildings. In addition to this there are fine individual pictures of the Chapel, Seminary Hall, Navarre Hall, and Music Hall done in rich photographic brown color. Pictures of the athletic teams, the Principal's offices and Manual Training students at work adorn its pages. Perhaps the most attractive pictures are scenes from the Campus Pageant, that unusually attractive event of commencement week. These scenes represent a Roman Holiday and in detail illustrate "A Gladitorial Combat," "The Barbarians Who Sacked Rome," "Romen Girls Rejoicing," "Children Before the Emperor," "Worshiping Vesta," etc. The catalog also contains a description of the four years course of study which will be started at the opening of the fall term. The volume is indeed a very attractive one.

The Lock Haven State Normal School has had gratifying success, both as a Training School for teachers and as a preparatory school for such students as desire to go to college. Its home life is particularly attractive to its students and patrons. Probably no other feature has contributed so much to its success. Parents realize that their children are well taken care of, both morally and educationally. Preference is made to this fact because the burning question with most parents is chiefly the one bearing upon the advantages any school offers in the way of safe guarding and developing the characters of its pupils. The splendid patronage that this ideally located school now has is the best assurance of its worth as an institution of learning. It issues a beautiful catalog which will be sent free to any one writing for it. Rooms are now being reserved for the fall term beginning September 6th.

—Residents of Sheridan Center, N. Y., believe they have found a cheap and effective means of bettering the roads in that section in the use of a salt solution. The idea originated with Henry Shelly, the postmaster, who also runs an ice cream emporium there and who discovered that where he dumped the salt water from his ice cream freezers on the road passing the postoffice the dust was laid and the road improved. As a result of his enthusiasm a carload of salt has been purchased and the experiment will be tried. This may open a new use for salt water from oil wells, but at any rate it shows the general interest manifested in the good roads movement that has resulted in a general use of oil on highways this year in so many states.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

Estate of Jason A. Hall, Deceased.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of McKean County, the undersigned Administrator of said decedent, will expose at public sale, at the Court House, in he Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, on Tuesday, the 30th day of August, A. D. 1910, at 11 o'clock A. M. of that day, the following messuage and tract of land:

ALL that certain piece, parcel or tract of land, situate, lying and being in the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a maple tree at the northwest corner of the Peter Conley lot; thence east 18 rods 12 feet to a maple tree, being the northeast corner of the Thomas Conley lot; thence north 17 rods 6 feet to a post; thence west 18 rods 12 feet to a post; thence south 17 rods 6 feet to the place of beginning. Containing 2 acres be the same more or less and being the same premises conveyed by Roswell Sartwell and wife, to Sarah A. Hall, by deed dated June 27th, 1892, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 68, page 215, McKean County Records.

Improved and having thereon a one and one-half story frame house with wing attached, a small barn and the usual outbuildings.

Terms of Sale: 1-3 purchase price down at time of sale and the balance of the purchase money on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed.

SHERIDAN GORTON,
Aug. 4-3t. Administrator.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

Subscribe for The Miner.

PERSONAL MENTION.

J. Biggins of Eldred was a Smethport visitor Tuesday.

Miss Mildred Haines of Ormsby is a guest of friends in town.

Miss Mayme Colegrove returned Saturday from a visit in Erie.

Mrs. Eber Dennison of Crosby was a Smethport visitor yesterday.

Miss Leonora Lemmler is visiting Miss Frances Stull of Portville.

S. D. Lemen returned Monday from a trip to the Thousand Islands.

Mrs. Allen of Buffalo is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Burdette Hall.

Dr. F. C. Pierce left yesterday for a few days business visit to Warren.

Miss Lillian Hagberg returned Monday from a week's visit at Cuba, N. Y.

Mrs. Lucina Calkins is visiting her son, C. H. Calkins and family of Olean.

Miss Edith Colegrove of Olean is a guest of relatives and friends in town.

Mrs. J. B. Kelley and daughter of Crosby were Smethport visitors Tuesday.

Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Harris returned yesterday from a New York State visit.

Master Elton Cooper of Buffalo is visiting at the home of Dr. Burg Chadwick.

Miss Alice Daly of Erie is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Daly.

M. Scanlon and Hans Hanson of Colegrove were Smethport visitors Monday.

Mrs. John Lyon and daughter of Clearfield are guests of Mrs. J. Eberspatcher.

Miss Cassie Jones of Corning, N. Y., is a guest of her uncle, H. S. Jones and family.

Mrs. C. H. Curtiss left Monday for a visit in Buffalo, Springville and Holland, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McCarthy and child of Pittsburg are guests of Smethport relatives.

Miss Rita Gorton left Tuesday for a visit with Miss Rhea Wallace of Port Allegany.

Mrs. Mae Kerns of Buffalo who has been visiting in this borough returned home Tuesday.

Misses Eva and Hazel Hopper of Hornell are the guests of their brother, W. B. Hopper, and wife.

W. O. Hamlin of New York is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hamlin of West Main street.

Mrs. T. M. Williams and infant son, Crosby, of Butler are guests of the former's brother, Mrs. E. M. Cheeseman.

Mrs. O. T. Chase returned yesterday from Rochester where she was called by the death of her brother, Charles Goodrich.

Mrs. E. W. Strong and son, Howard, were guests of the former's sister, Mrs. M. Welch, of Olean the latter part of last week.

County Superintendent of Schools B. S. Bayle who is attending summer school at Grove City College, spent Sunday with his family.

Mrs. George Howe and daughter, Ruth, returned Monday from a ten days' visit with Galeton and Wellsboro relatives and friends.

Miss Martha Hasbrook, a former teacher in the Smethport schools, who is now located in New York, is a guest of Mrs. D. J. Hamlin.

Miss Nellie Strong of Friendship, N. Y., who has been the guest of her brother, E. W. Strong and family, returned to her home Monday.

Mesdames D. C. Young, Gray, John Forrest, H. L. McCoy, E. Hamlin and Barbour automobiled to Port Allegany Saturday and were guests of Mrs. Helen Davis.

Misses Rena and Frances Allen of Port Allegany are spending a few weeks in New York City, Philadelphia and Atlantic City and will be at home in September.

New Spring Millinery.

Never was my line of new spring trimmed and pattern hats more complete nor the styles more beautiful. A visit to my store will put you in touch with the latest styles for spring and summer.

CARRIE CLARK.

Glass Cutters Wanted.

15 experienced men, 10 smoothers, 5 roughers. Also experienced Acid Polisher.

WAYNE CUT GLASS CO.,
Towanda, Pa.

On Nagging.

My son taught me a lesson on the subject of "nagging" when he was but four years old and one that I have never forgotten. He had been guilty of a small misdemeanor and had tried to wriggle out of it by not telling the exact truth. I gave him a mild spanking and, as has always been my custom, talked the matter over afterward, I began by saying, "Now, Robert, if you had told me the truth I should not have punished you."

He stood before me, scraping one foot along the carpet, and he looked up at me and said, "What would you have done?" And I answered, "I should have only talked to you." "Well," he drawled, "how long would you have talked?"

He is a big boy in high school now, but when times arise requiring a reprimand and I get started I still hear that little voice, "How long would you have talked?" and I go right to the point and say what I have to say on the subject; but, in the boy's own language, I "cut it short" and never refer to it again unless it is absolutely necessary.—Harper's Bazar.

Killing a Bull Without a Weapon.

Cayetano, a famous Spanish toreador, once was strolling across a meadow with a couple of friends when his attention was attracted by an old and infuriated bull which was galloping toward them with lowered head and erect tail. Cayetano had no weapon, not even a cane, but he seized a dust coat which one of his friends was carrying over his arm. As soon as the bull got close to them Cayetano bade his companions make their escape while he engaged the animal's attention. Using the coat as a capa, he drove the bull crazy with fury, stepping aside with the deftest agility at each of the animal's charges. In this manner he caused the bull to turn sharply in the midst of its onward rushes until finally an ominous crack was heard, and the bull fell in a heap, with its backbone broken by the sudden wrench given by the animal's abrupt swerve.

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

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Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

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Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York

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Brain fag

Night work—over work—head pains and throbs, neuralgic and sympathetic pains

"Cured in a flash" by

ANTI-ACHE

No ill after-effects. Does not affect the heart

Two sizes—10c & 25c—All druggists

Wayne Chemical Co., Clarion, Pa.

Tell Me

YOUR WANTS

And you will be surprised at the low price of my SINKS, TUBS, ETC.

Second door from the POST OFFICE.

E. W. STRONG

Fifty Positions Yearly

We can place 50 young men a year in positions paying $900 to $1000 Salary at the start, with chance for promotion. Ask for particulars; give age and school advancement.

WESTBROOK ACADEMY, OLEAN, N. Y.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St. F. T. Hungiville, SMETHPORT

JULY SALE ON ALL

Mens Shoes and

OXFORDS

Buy your celebrating footwear now and save money.

Sale starts June 25th, 1910.

$5.00 and $6.00 Shoes and Oxfords.....$3.95

$4.00 Shoes and Oxfords.....$3.15

$3.50 Shoes and Oxfords.....$2.95

Everything in our Shoe Department is reduced in price. Drop in and see for yourself before buying elsewhere.

H. W. Rubin,

Smethport, Pa.

SMETHPORT INNER TUBES

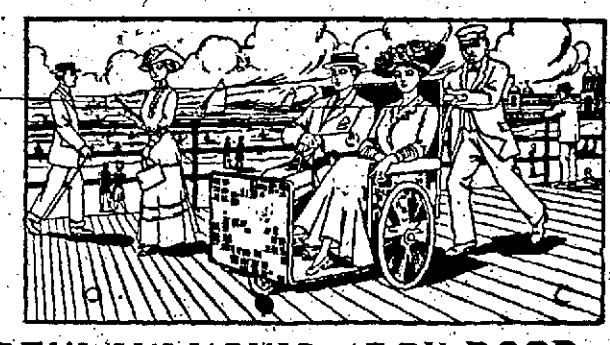
FULL VALUE

Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction.

Automobile Tire Repairing, New Tires and Supplies always in Stock.

SMETHPORT RUBBER CO.

SMETHPORT, PA.



PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

FIFTEEN-DAY EXCURSIONS

July 29, August 10 and 19, and September 2, 1910.

ATLANTIC CITY

CAPE MAY

Wildwood, Sea Isle City, or Ocean City N. J.

$10.60 from Smethport

STOP-OVER AT PHILADELPHIA

allowed on return trip if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent

Full information regarding leaving of trains on which tickets will be accepted may be obtained of Ticket Agents, or B. P. Fraser, D. P. A., 307 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

J. R. WOOD
Passenger Traffic Manager

GEO. W. BOYD
General Passenger Agent

The Lindholm Company,

Mc Call's Patterns

ALL MILLINERY at 1-2 price

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

That All Important Bathroom.

You have often heard people remark, "If I were ever to build I would plan my bathroom first and would not put all my money into the parlor with all its finery."

That's good common sense sentiment, for the bathroom is the most important of all the household. It's the Mecca of cleanliness, health and refinement, and nowadays many homes are judged by their bathrooms.

We would like to help you plan your bathroom and believe that we could surprise you by putting in a bathroom for you at a much less cost than you might expect and at the same time do it better than you anticipated it could be done for even more money.

We have a booklet "Modern Home Plumbing" which will show you how to arrange your bathroom, kitchen and laundry plumbing with "Standard" Baths and one piece Lavatories, the best plumbing equipment in the world. Call, write or phone for a copy. It is free.

DALY & GARLICK

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, August 4, 1910.

Local and General.

—Miss Rachel Mayo entertained the Bridge Whist Club yesterday afternoon.

—The Misses Freeman entertained a number of friends at their home Tuesday evening.

—Mrs. J. V. McAlpin entertained a party of ladies at bridge whist on Saturday afternoon.

—Rev. Benton of Olean is now in charge of the Smethport congregation of the Wesleyan Methodist church.

—The Kane Republican has installed an Eclipse folder, similar to the one at The Miner office, in its printing plant.

—Holmes & Gilfillan have nearly completed sawing the stock of logs on hand at their mill on Mechanic street.

—It is reported that the Roulette window glass factory, which was destroyed by fire some time ago, will be rebuilt.

—The Granite hotel at Rock City was destroyed by fire Tuesday morning entailing a loss of $3,000 with $1,000 insurance.

—The city councils of Olean have appropriated $5,000 for the purchase of a steam fire engine for the fire department of that city.

—Miss Edna Specht entertained a large number of young ladies at a lawn party at the Specht home on Mechanic street Saturday afternoon.

—Rev. J. E. Hallmertz, pastor of the Swedish Mission church of this borough, occupied the pulpit of the Mt. Jewett church of this denomination last evening.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Bahan of Bradford announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Vida Mary Bahan to Mr. Thomas F. O'Brien of Fort Worth, Tex., formerly of Bradford.

—The trout fishing season closed Monday. The number of trout removed from the streams during the season is reported to have been very small in comparison to previous years.

—Lyle McGee, the 16-year-old son of Seth McGee of Crosby is suffering from a severe attack of typhoid fever.

—Miss Ethel Tull entertained a large party of friends at bridge whist last Thursday evening at her home on Bank street.

—Smethport has been visited for over a week past by a large crew of agents, selling the late edition of Webster's dictionary who have disposed of quite a large number of the books.

—Miss Margaret Sartwell entertained a number of young ladies at a lawn party at the Sartwell home on King street last Thursday evening. The occasion being the young lady's birthday anhiversary.

—At Ladona, Potter county, Sunday, July 24, Norman Swanson, aged 7 years, was probably fatally kicked in the head by a horse. The little boy was leading the animal, which was in a playful mood, to water at the time of the accident.

—The younger members of the Sunday school of St. Luke's church enjoyed a picnic at Frog Camp Tuesday. The picknickers journeyed to the camp in automobiles and all spent a most delightful day, returning home by the same power in the afternoon.

—An excursion will be run over the Shawmut railroad to Riverhurst, Olean and Rock City next Sunday. The St. Marys band will give a concert at Rock City. This is the first excursion of the season over the Shawmut and it will be undoubtedly largely patronized.

—There is a mad dog scare in town. The animal was seen in town early this morning and took to town hill. A man has been sent out to try and find the dog and exterminate it, but as we go to press it has not been learned whether or not his efforts have met with success.

—Mary, the two and a half year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy McCoy fell off the back porch of C. W. Shattuck's residence on Union street yesterday and struck on her head on a plank. Her head was cut open so that the attending physician had to take a couple of stitches in it. The little one had a narrow escape and we are pleased to say is improving nicely.

—John Short, editor of the Clearfield Republican, has brought suit against Matt Savage, alleging that he has been savagely and maliciously libelled. Some how or other our Clearfield editorial brethren do not dwell together in harmony, as this is the second libel suit Editor Short has brought against Savage during the past two or three years.

—An aeroplane packed in crates and boxes has arrived in Coudersport and the residents of that place are wondering if they are to witness some record breaking flights. The machine was sent to that place by the brother of a Coudersport resident, who has been experimenting with heavier than air contrivances for some time.

—It is said that from present indications there will be a large number of black bears throughout this section of the state this year than ever before. The prolific growth of berries and nuts in the woods this year attracts the animals, while the great runways of unbroken wild lands, hundreds of miles in extent, covering this section of the state offer a wide range of territory over which to roam.

—Fielder ("Singlehouse") Jones, retired manager of the Chicago "White Sox" (American League) team, who is now a resident of Portland, Ore., is slated to become manager of the Cleveland Americans, according to a report in circulation in baseball circles. It is said that a deal is pending whereby one of the present owners of the club will retire, allowing Jones to come to the city as part owner and general manager.

—The Bradford police on Sunday night raided a poker joint located over a meat market in the Garfinkle building at the corner of Washington and Merrow avenue, that city. Len LeFoy and Charles Ward, alleged to have conducted the place and six players were arrested. At a midnight hearing the proprietors were each fined $25 and costs and the six players were fined $10 each. The outfit contained in the joint was confiscated.

—L. C. Brooke, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Brooke of Willow street, an expert metalologist, who is employed as a steel chemist in Buffalo, arrived home Monday from a visit to England. Mr. Brooke left Buffalo June 11, and at Montreal took passage for Liverpool, Eng. For over a month he visited various coast towns and the 23rd of July took ship for home. He arrived in New York Sunday evening and reached Smethport Monday. Mr. Brooke reports a most pleasant trip.

—Ed Stanton of East Smethport, who sustained a severe sunstroke while working at the Goodyear lumber job at Norwich, the week before last and was brought home in a critical condition the following Sunday, has been further afflicted by an attack of typhoid fever, which developed during the past week. The case is quite a severe one and owing to Mr. Stanton's critical condition, caused by the sunstroke he sustained, it is doubtful whether he will recover.

—A Bartlesville, Okla., newspaper of July 26, contains an account of the death of Charles Ingersoll, formerly a well known resident of Bradford. Mr. Ingersoll was found in a dying condition and expired before he could be removed to a hospital. Ingersoll had been in Bartlesville for several days and had complained to the police that he had been robbed of a gold watch and $60 in cash. The coroner took charge of the man's body with the intention of investigating the death.

—Robbins circus, which exhibited in Erie Saturday was greeted by such a crowd at the afternoon performance that the seating capacity was inadequate and the people crowded into the ring space, and all efforts of the circus people and employes to clear room to give the performance were futile. As a last resort an aged lion, heavily chained, was led about the rings and the crowd soon found room to get out of the way. As soon as the animal was placed in its cage the crowd surged back and the show had to be called off.

—Eight cases of infantile paralysis a baffling and dreaded disease which has been bringing terror in various sections of the state, have developed in Potter county. The victim of the disease, it is said, is usually taken with a fever with sleepiness and stupor, sometimes sore threat, with pain in the limbs and along the spine, and as the disease advances, paralysis developes, usually in the arms or legs. While the death rate is not so great, the disease, which in many ways resembles the old "spotted" fever, leaves many children crippled.

—Young Lee, an Oil City Chinaman, has filed his first and final account at Franklin, Pa., in the estate of Young Ling, an Oil City Chinaman, who died about two years ago. It shows that the estate of the deceased in the country was worth $3,273.19. Young Ling was a Chinese laundryman in Oil City for 15 years or more, and in view of the fact that he sent frequent remittances to relatives in China, the size of his estate indicates that Chinamen coming to this country are as a rule a thrifty lot. The money will go to the dead Chinaman's wife and child in China. Additional interest is given to this case because it is the first in which letters have ever been issued in Venango county.

—The Bradford Era has the following to say of a former well known Smethport young man who for a number of years past, up to last winter, has made his headquarters at Bradford: "James McCabe, a former Bradfordian, who for fifteen years was employed by the United Natural Gas company and the Commercial Natural Gas company, has been promoted to the office of assistant general manager of the Consumers Heat & Fuel company of Texas with headquarters at Fort Worth. Last October Mr. McCabe left Bradford to take charge of the Fort Worth gas office of the Texas company. His many friends in Bradford and vicinity will be pleased to learn of his advancement." Mr. McCabe is a son of Mrs. Andrew McCabe of this borough.

—Monday's Bradford Era says: Clara McCandless, daughter of N. W. McCandless of No. 32 Clarence place, was painfully injured Saturday afternoon by being struck by an automobile, driven by W. W. Swalley, proprietor of the Griffin Hotel at Kane. As the girl alighted from a street car near the corner of Congress street and Clarence place she was struck and knocked down and the wheels passed over her limbs. She was able to walk home later. Dr. D. E. Ash was called and found that no bones were broken although the patient was considerably bruised. Mr. Swalley who is considered a very careful driver, was much distressed over the accident, and before leaving for his home with a party of friends, arranged for all of the expense that might be incurred in caring for the girl.

—Monday's Bradford Star-Record: Last evening Alderman A. W. Mulholland, of the Fourth ward, made an attempt to end his life by swallowing poison. He had purchased a 25-cent bottle of prussic acid and it is supposed it was a weak solution of that poison which he swallowed, although he exhibited but few symptoms of prussic acid poisoning. In the afternoon Mulholland had threatened to shoot himself but was prevented by his wife who wrenched a loaded revolver from his hand. After he had taken the poison Dr. O'Hern was hastily summoned and by prompt action alleviated his condition to a certain extent. Mulholland was removed to the hospital, where it is believed he is on the road to recovery. For several days Alderman Mulholland has been in low spirits and it is supposed that despondency caused yesterday's rash act. He had worried over business affairs and also seemed disatisfied with his family relations.

—On Tuesday County Detective Jones brought to this place and lodged in the county jail Gratton Wilson, a colored gentleman of Bradford. Gratton and another negro engaged in a fistic encounter on the streets of Bradford and when Alderman Knapp of that city attempted to separate the combatants he was knocked down by Wilson. After being fined at police court the man was again arrested on a charge of assault at the instance of the alderman and was held under bail for his appearance at court. He was unable to produce the required bail and was committed to the county jail. Wilson's wife and small child, were brought to Smethport. The woman drew a butcher knife on the officers when they attempted to arrest her husband and was fined before a police magistrate. When her husband was re-arrested on an assault charge and brought to this borough the woman, although not arrested, was also sent to this place with him. The authorities could find no reason for the woman being brought here and permitted her to return to her home.

Lost—Tess, black and tan hound, long ears, medium size, white breast and paws. Reward for information or return.

4t CHAS. SMITH,
Box 248, Hazelhurst, Pa.

WM. MONHEIMER.

PAY NO MORE

Than 48 cents

For a Splendid Dress Shirt with or without Collars. It is the

Best Sh... alue

ever offered ... Smethport. If you buy at once you will have a large variety of patterns to select from. Sizes 14 to 17½

AT 48 CENTS

MONHEIMER'S

FRY & COMES

Summer Clearance

BARGAINS

These are days of saving for the thrifty—Odd lots in all lines are priced way below the regular mark for complete clearance—In some instances prices are half and less while all are substantial reductions—Summer Goods must make way for Fall shipments which will be arriving before long now look over this partial list.

Suits, Coats and Skirts	Reduced	⅓
Printed Wash Goods	"	¼ to ½
Odd lots of Hosiery	"	¼ to ½
Muslin Underwear	"	¼ to ½
Odd lots of Knit Underwear	"	¼ to ½
Odd lots of Belts and Neckwear	"	½
Odd lots of Men's Shirts	"	½
White and Colored Parasols	"	½

FRY & COMES

SMETHPORT, - - - PENN'A.

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT · PENN'A.

GOOD RESOLUTION FOR 1910.

You have probably made several good resolutions for this year but its not to late to make another—one that will promote the welfare of both yourself and your family.

Resolve to buy Drugs and Drug-Store Goods at OUR Store.

You'll find that a very easy resolution to keep. After once learning how carefully we guard customers' interests you will doubtless be willing to go even out of your way to trade here. Goods of higher quality than we carry are not obtainable, and our service is one we are sure you'll appreciate. Quality considered, no one can sell at lower prices. May we serve you this year? Respectfully,

WELLS' DRUG STORE

EDISON Phonograph as HOME ENTERTAINER.

It affords pleasure at all times to both young and old, and no home is complete without one. Our stock of records is the largest in the city and is of endless variety, of over Five Thousand selections.

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THE WHITE SATIN RIBBON.

Token That Figured In the Wooing of a Volunteer Nurse.

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

As the train sped on in the darkness the girl leaned back and closed her eyes wearily. She was sorry now that she had decided to come, for she had grown so tired of these thoughtless, pleasure loving people—tired of their idle amusements. But anything had seemed preferable at the time to the desolate loneliness of the place she had left.

A trainman walking through the car called the name of a town in a singsong voice. The girl sat up suddenly and consulted her watch. They were

"COME HERE!" SAID THE DOCTOR.

due to arrive at 8:15 o'clock, and it was now just 8:10. The train slowed down, and she left the car.

"If you are expecting friends to meet you," said the station agent genially, "you might sit down and rest a bit. All trains are delayed tonight."

"The Marshall carriage was to call for me," the girl explained. "May I use the telephone?"

"Never heard of them in Minnington," said the station agent, "but there's a family called Marshall in the town above."

The girl looked up in consternation. "So this is Minnington," she said slowly. "I should have gone on to the next town. Is there another train out tonight?"

The man shook his head.

The girl sighed resignedly. "Then I shall have to spend the night here."

The station agent regarded her curiously. It was seldom that he had seen so lovely a face. The gray gown that she wore was exceedingly plain, and her features were almost hidden by a heavy veil, which lent to her an air of mystery.

The door was thrust open suddenly, and a man entered, stamping the snow from his heavy topboots. He wore a fur overcoat, and the frost was glistening upon his short white beard and bushy eyebrows. He looked about sharply and then advanced toward her. "I'm glad you are here," he said shortly. "Get ready at once, please. There is no time to lose."

"Good evening, doc," called out the station agent.

The girl hesitated. "You were expecting some one?" she asked.

"Certainly," the man replied in his curt way. "I am Dr. Green and wired to the city for a nurse on a hurry up case. She was to arrive upon the 8 o'clock train." He looked at her questioningly.

"The nurse must have disappointed you," the girl responded, "for I was the only person who left the train at Minnington."

"It's more than a disappointment," the doctor said gruffly. "This is a question of life and death. A boy over there on the hillside needs skilled care tonight. I don't know of a woman that I could call upon in this town, if there was time to waste in searching for one."

The light of a sudden resolution shone in the girl's eyes. "I will go with you," she said. "Although not a trained nurse, I have been constantly caring for a patient for over six months. I have had experience, you shall see. Together we may save the boy's life."

The doctor gave her one long searching look, then brought the cloak that she had discarded and held it out for her. "Come on," he said. When he had wrapped the fur robes about her and the cutter went flying down the hill the girl spoke.

"Will you tell me about our patient?" she asked.

"Not much to tell," the doctor answered. "He was following a nasty trail near the mines this afternoon—he works over there—and thought to save time by jumping a trench instead of going around it. That's youth. Well, he broke his arm and cut his head, which will give us the most trouble tonight, for he has been unconscious ever since. We carried him to the nearest cottage, where an old woman lives with her rheumatic husband, and they are both about as much help in a case of this kind as—as two children. Your job will not be an easy one, Miss—Miss—"

"Gray," said the girl promptly—"Eleanor Gray. It was too bad they could not have taken him to the hospital."

"Hospital!" the old doctor burst out fiercely. "We haven't such a thing in Minnington. When the men are sick we let them get along as well as they can in their miserable homes. When they are cut and injured we care for them in the surgery as best we may. Old Herriott, the millionaire mine owner, has always been too busy adding to his own dollars to think much of the comfort of the men who work for him."

"Pardon me," said the girl, "Are you the regular mine physician?"

"Yes," answered the old doctor. "I haven't grown rich over it," he chuckled, "but there are other things in this world besides money. Why, I know every man, woman and child in the place. 'My people,' I call 'em. I had a wife and a daughter who might have been about your age had she lived, but now there's only 'my people' left. Nothing could part me from them. Whoa, Hube," called suddenly, and the girl saw a light streaming from the window of a little cottage almost buried in the snow of the hillside.

A man's tall figure lay motionless on a bed at the farther end of the room as they entered. His brilliant black eyes shone unseeing from beneath a bandage which was wound around his head.

"Come here," said the doctor, "as quickly as you can."

"I don't care whether you are trained nurse or not," said the doctor on leaving; "you are a good one."

When she resumed her duties in the morning she wore a bandeau of soft white ribbon about her dark hair in lieu of the nurse's cap. "You are so much better," she said to her patient in true professional style.

"Did the doctor send for you last night?" he asked curiously.

"He brought me himself from the station," she answered."

"And I shall call you"—

"Miss Gray," said the girl—"Eleanor Gray."

He was a very tractable patient, but never had there been so model a nurse. She anticipated his every want, read to him when that was allowable and wrote a laboriously dictated letter or two which evidently referred to his work to some "Jack" at the mines.

"You are getting better fast, Dick," was the doctor's greeting each day.

As she removed the bandage from his closely cropped head one morning she said, "Your pronounced convalescent and will require the services of a nurse no longer, so I am leaving today."

"Today!" cried the man. "But I can't let you go, Eleanor." Unconsciously he spoke her name. She was silent. The man sighed. "I suppose you must return to your people," he was beginning.

"I have no people," the girl interposed. "My mother died when I was a child, my father not long ago."

"Eleanor!" said the man, speaking rapidly, "this is not the time or the place, I know, but soon I will follow you wherever you may be and ask you to be my wife. If it is to be yes, Eleanor, won't you tell a poor invalid to help him on to recovery? If it must be no," he laughed shortly, "you might as well finish me now."

He was holding the girl's two hands in his strong one as she bent over him, with tear dimmed eyes and smiling lips.

"Richard," she said softly, "would you marry an unknown girl who is quite alone in the world?"

"I would marry you," he answered finally, "and my greatest happiness would be in the fact that you were dependent upon me for everything."

"For everything," she repeated slowly. She walked to the doorway, then looked back at him. "It is to be yes, Richard," she said, half laughing, half crying. "Remember that it is to be yes."

When he had fallen asleep upon his couch during the afternoon the girl entered the room softly. She was wearing her long cloak, and the heavy veil again almost concealed her face. She placed a little note upon his pillow, laid beside it the soft white bandeau that she had worn in her hair, then passed quickly into the kitchen, where the old woman sat dozing before the fire.

"Goodby, Hannah," she said and left something shining in the roughened palm.

The doctor was just starting upon his round of afternoon calls when she entered. "I am leaving by the next train and wish to ask a favor," she said. "It was you who brought me from the station. Now, will you take me back?"

"We shall miss you," he said. "Is the boy reconciled to the loss of his nurse?"

She was silent until the horse had started upon his way. "I want to tell you," she said, "that Richard has asked me to be his wife. I did not know that the world could hold so much happiness, but when I have gone you will learn that I have been an impostor, deceiving you all, and his pride will not let him marry me. Then you must go to him"—she laughed unsteadily—"and plead my cause as eloquently as you can. But send him to me. Promise me you will do that."

"I don't know what all this nonsense about being an impostor means," the doctor answered, "but if some fool notion is going to prevent that young idiot from marrying you, why, we will certainly send him to you if we have to chloroform him in order to do it."

The girl laughed, but tears were glinting on her lashes. "It was not all fabrication that I told you in the station," she said. "My own father was the patient that I had been nursing for six months before his death. He would have no other old man, though you found a nurse that night, mine has been the greater benefit, for you have taught me to find myself."

"We shall miss you," the doctor repeated, and no more was said until they stood in the doorway of the little station. As the great train came rumbling toward them she thrust a sealed envelope into his hand. "Goodby, my doctor," she said softly.

He waited until he could see her smiling face no more, then climbed wearily back into the sleigh. When he opened the envelope two checks fell upon the lap robe, and the sum of money they represented seemed enormous. Presently he found a note:

"Dear Doctor—The largest check is to be used for the erection of a new hospital, which will be planned and built exactly according to your directions. I will be pleased to forward more money as you may need it; and my business manager will call upon you tomorrow, so there need be no delay in carrying out your wishes. You are both urged and commanded to purchase with the second check all electrical appliances, etc., which would be helpful to you in your own private office. Hoping that you will keep me informed of the needs of 'your people,' always your friend,

ELEANOR GRAY HERRIOTT.

The doctor stared blankly before him. "Old Herriott's daughter," he muttered—"the great mine owner's daughter." A sudden moisture appeared upon his spectacles, so he took them off and drew a gloved hand across his eyes, then gathered up the reins and clucked to the horse.

"How do, doc?" called the station agent. The doctor looked back, and his face was shining like that of a boy.

"We are going to have a new hospital, Joe," he cried. "What do you think of that—a new hospital?" The cutter went flying down the hill behind old Bube, then tolled slowly up again until it stopped at the white cottage door.

Richard's face was very pale as the doctor entered, and his dark eyes shone out weirdly. The doctor seated himself for a long argument. "Well, she has gone," he began. "Old Herriott's daughter, boy—who would have guessed at that?"

"I know," said Richard impatiently. "I know. How soon can you fix me up to follow her?"

"Eh?" said the doctor, his eyes opening wide. Evidently urging and pleading were unnecessary here. "In two or three days if you obey orders," he answered. And so it happened that just three days afterward Richard waited in the reception room of Eleanor's home and frowned at the very evident display of wealth about him, wondering if the girl whom he had loved for her simplicity could be quite the same in such surroundings. A rustle of silken skirts caused him to turn abruptly. A tall, imposing young woman entered the room.

"Have you a message for Miss Herriott?" she asked. "I am her secretary." Richard hesitated a moment, then thrust his hand into a coat pocket and drew forth a crumpled white satin ribbon, the one that the little nurse had worn in her hair. He smiled. "Will you take this to her. She will understand."

The secretary betrayed no surprise at this strange manner of announcement, and once more he was alone. Slowly the moments passed until at length the heavy curtains at the lower end of the long room were parted, and Eleanor stood there, confident, while eyes as a child fearing punishment. He saw that she was wearing the fa-

ELEANOR STOOD THERE, DIFFIDENT.

miliar gray gown. The man held out his arms and called her name. She came to him swiftly, silently.

"Richard," she asked, "can you forgive the deception? At first it was only a whim, and then—then I longed to be loved for myself alone."

The man smiled down at her tenderly. "And you would marry plain Dick, the miner?" he said. "There has been a little misunderstanding there, too, Eleanor. I am a civil engineer. We have carried out a pretty big contract back there in the hills, but now a much greater opportunity offers. It may mean a long and venturesome journey, and I shall need my little nurse all the way. Will you go with me, dear?"

The girl raised a radiant, smiling face. "To the end of the world," she said.

Baltimore and Soft Crabs.

The genuine soft crab, or Brachyura baltimoriensis, is the most delicate as it is the most delicious of all victuals. It will no more bear transportation than a zephyr or a daffodil. The moment it is taken from its native deep it begins to lose bounce and flavor, and once it has left the Chesapeake littoral it is no longer eatable. That is why the soft crab is a superb delicatessen in Baltimore and a bitter disappointment everywhere else. So sensitive is it, indeed, to climate and handling that it is impossible to get a decent soft crab anywhere west of the first tollgate on the Frederick road. In Pittsburg, where embalmed soft crabs are offered in the gilded lobster palaces, their flavor is that of glucose. In Chicago the soft crab is a mere curiosity, to be gaped at, but not eaten. Baltimore alone has the genuine article, and it is fortunate for Baltimore that it cannot be transported. If it were possible to ship soft crabs the whole earth would bid for them, running up their price to $1, $5 and perhaps even to $100 a dozen.—Baltimore Sun.

A Teacher In the Making.

She was a popular young normal student who had been to a party the night before, and as a consequence was "not prepared" in the geography class. The woman instructor, true to her method of drawing upon the general knowledge of a student rather than to permit a failure, after eliciting two or three inconsequential "scrabs" from her fair but faded disciple, asked for the products of China.

The victim brightened. "Tea," she asserted, preparing to sit down.

"Yes, and what else?" encouraged the instructor.

The young woman smiled with sweet hopelessness.

"Now you can mention others, I am sure. Just think about it."

"Tea," drawled the flutelike voice of the pretty girl, "and," pausing her forehead with an intellectual tour de force, "and laundry work."—Youth's Companion.

Quick Cure.

Once there was a man who made life miserable for all he met by eternally harping about his aches and pains.

He would discourse on the subject of his dyspepsia, and he would almost interrupt a religious service to tell of his rheumatic symptoms.

He had a stitch in his side he had to pester his friends with it, and a headache helped him make everybody unhappy.

At last a bright young woman, to whom the man applied for sympathy, cured him of all his ailments.

When he was in the midst of a catalogue of his sufferings she said sweetly:

"Yes, it is strange how many of these things afflict a man as he begins to grow old."

That man never even had a symptom after that.—Wilbur D. Nesbit in Judge.

When Men Were Branded.

A curious relic of bygone times, probably the only one in England, still stands at Lancaster castle. It is a strong iron boldfast, into which the prisoner, who in olden time had been sentenced to be branded as a malefactor, had his hand thrust and locked. The branding iron after being made red hot at the end was pressed against the "brawne of the thumb," and on being withdrawn the letter M branded on the unfortunate prisoner's flesh indicated from henceforward that he was a malefactor. The ceremony was performed in the presence of the judge and jury and in open court, and the brander invariably turned to the judge after he had done his work and exclaimed, "A fair mark, my lord!" It is over 100 years since the instrument was last used on two men sentenced to imprisonment for manslaughter.

His Maiden Speech.

It is related that when the Earl of Rochester in the reign of Charles II rose to make his maiden speech in the house of lords he said: "My lords, my lords, I rise this time for the first time—the very first time. My lords, I divide my speech into four branches." Here there was an embarrassing pause of some seconds. "My lords," the earl then ejaculated, "if ever I rise again in this house you may cut me off, root and branches and all, forever."

The Devil's Sonata.

Tartini, the great violinist, after dining indiscreetly, dreamed that he had made a bargain with the devil for his soul. To prove his powers the evil one seized a violin and played a sonata of exquisite beauty. Tartini awoke with the ringing in his ears, committed the music to paper and published it as "The Devil's Sonata."

The Verdict.

"How did your act take amateur night?"

"Great! When I sang the first verse they yelled 'Fine!' and when I sang the next they yelled 'Imprisonment!'"—Baltimore Sun.

His Main Want.

Earnest but Prosy Street Corner Orator—I want land reform, I want housing reform, I want educational reform, I want—

Bored Voice—Chloroform.—Manchester Guardian.

Proud of It.

The Lady—Poor tramp! Have you anything in your life to be proud of?

The Hobo—Yessum. I never beat nobody out of no laundry bill.—Cleveland Leader.

Give, if thou canst, an alms; if not, afford instead of that a sweet and gentle word.—Robert Herrick.

Royal Mistakes.

Sovereigns and princes are straitlaced given to making astonishing mistakes while dealing with dates. The inscription on King Edward VII.'s coffin that he died in the ninth year of his reign instead of the tenth is only an example of many similar errors. In November, 1858, Queen Victoria wrote to the late king to inform him that he might consider himself emancipated from parental authority and control, as he was now eighteen years old and, therefore, of age. Her majesty's letter, which was very long, was a quaint sermon, and it ended by informing the then Prince of Wales that he might henceforth wade a knight of the Garter and a colonel in the army. How Queen Victoria and Prince Albert fell into so extraordinary a mistake it is impossible to understand, for the prince had only been compelled his seventeenth year. Dean Wellesley, to whom the young prince showed the letter, at once detected the serious error into which the queen had fallen, but he thought it best to say nothing.—London Truth.

Got Full Measure.

All yesterday James had played truant from school, and when the irate master raised his cane threateningly James burst into a flood of tears.

"Please don't lick me, sir," he sobbed.

"And why should I not lick you, pray?" thundered the schoolmaster.

"Why, sir, 'cos I think I've had enough!" gasped James. "Yesterday the boy as I played truant with and I got out and he licked me, and a man we threw stones at caught me and licked me, the driver of a cart we hung on to licked me, the owner of a cat we chased licked me. Then when I got home mother licked me, and after that father licked me, and then mother licked me again for calling her a sneak for telling father."

"Well," responded the master grimly, "by this time one licking more or less won't make much difference, and it seems hard I shouldn't have my whack. Come here, sir!"—London Answers.

Remnants of a College Course.

Prosecuting Attorney (examining a prospective juror)—Do you know any thing about chemistry?

"I studied it at school."

"Do you think you remember enough of it to make you a competent juror in a poison case?"

"I'm not sure."

"Do you remember any of the formulas?"

"Let me see—two."

"Only two?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are they in a poem?"

(Blushing) "Yes, sir."

"Is this the poem?

"Our White boy is dead and gone.
We never shall see him more.
What White thought was H2O
Was H2SO4."

(Blushing furiously) "Yes, sir."

"I thought so. You are excused."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Went Back on His Authority.

Leslie Stephen's single meeting with Freeman, the historian, was in the nature of a collision. "I came in contact with him only once," he said. "He wrote a life of Alfred, for the Dictionary of National Biography, under my editorship, but declined to do more because we had a difference of opinion as to whether Athelstane should be spelled with an 'A.' That was, I confess, a question to which I was culpably indifferent, but I had taken competent advice, and my system (I forget what it was) had been elsewhere sanctioned by the great historian Stubbs. Now, as Freeman was never tired of asserting the infallibility of Stubbs, I innocently thought that I might take refuge behind so eminent an authority. The result was that for once Freeman blasphemed Stubbs and refused to cooperate any longer in an unscholarlike enterprise."

These Men.

When H. H. Rogers was to the prime of his power, says a New York writer, he formed a friendship partnership with Mark Twain and Thomas Brackett Reed and took personal charge of their affairs, looking after them as he would a couple of children. It was great fun for all three, and especially Rogers. Neither Clemens nor Reed had any sense for business. The big ex-speaker came to New York a poor man. Five years later he died suddenly, and his estate measured over $6,000,000. He probably had no idea what he was worth at any stage. Rogers made as much or more money for Clemens.

In the Long Ago.

"Adam," asked Eve, "what are you doing?"

"I'm discovering Mars," he said looking down at her to rest his neck "I wonder if it has any inhabitants."

From which we learn that Adam already knew about as much concerning Mars as the modern astronomers do.—Chicago Tribune.

Satisfied With Himself.

"Have any serious trouble with your new automobile?"

"Not a bit. So far I haven't hit a single man without being able to go away before he got my number."—Cleveland Leader.

Might Have Nodded.

Edna—It's a good thing for me that silence gives consent. Amelia—Why, Edna—Last night when George asked me to be his wife I lost my voice.

A Child's Character.

No artist work is so high, so noble so grand, so enduring, so important for all time, as the making of character in a child.—Charlotte Cushman.

Slate.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Sec'y—Frank M. Fuller.
Asst. Treasurer—John O. Phelps.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

District and County.

President Judge—Joseph W. Sexton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Smethport.
State Senator—Frank R. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—Jesse McKean, Smethport; R. W. Hilton, Smethport.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—R. F. Stanley, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Olmsted, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank P. Fesser, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isbarewood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Pierson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Addis, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. B. Anders, Clermont; A. E. Cory, Coryville.
Coroner—H. H. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle.

Borough:

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
Council—E. M. Heath, President; F. H. Meyer, Secretary; J. W. Waite, C. E. Workley, G. H. Deming, F. L. Sherburne, J. C. Backus, H. H. Hyde.
Justices—B. C. Gibson, A. W. Colegrove.
Constable—C. B. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, treasurer; John E. Eastman, H. H. Reed, John Clark.
Collector—H. C. Gibson.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—A. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. E. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rubin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, R. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 438, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street. RALPH K. BURDICK, W. M. W. I. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 289, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDEN, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

I. O. O. F.—Brown Hive, No. 42, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday evenings.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 36, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
ESTELLA B. GALLUP, Secretary.

Iehoudy Chapter, No. 55, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. DAYLE, W. M.
MRS. R. E. BURDICK, W. P.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every other Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree every 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
EARL HAFNER, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of H.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:30 p. m., preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday School at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 6 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m.; General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m. except 3d Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport. Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. E. Tiffany, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m. and every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

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KISS IN THE DARK

The Meeting in the Train and the Close of the Episode.

By ESTHER VANDEVEER.

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George Goddard, starting for the seashore one day in July, felt so buoyant that it seemed he must go up in the air like a balloon. He flung his belongings down into a seat, then walked through the cars, out on to the platform, anywhere, everywhere. He was so happy he couldn't keep still. Then came the cry "All aboard!" He jumped on to the train and rolled out of the station. It seemed, on strewn flowers.

In a seat on the opposite side of the car sat a young lady reading a book. She was tastefully dressed. Her hair shimmered in the sun that streamed in at the window beside her. She was an altogether attractive looking person. The girl seemed to be absorbed in her book, and there was no chance to scrape an acquaintance. Had she been without reading matter he might have resorted to the old device of offering her a magazine, a book or a paper, but since she was already supplied to offer more would make the underlying motive too apparent.

The girl seemed to be unaware that there was a young man in the car who was eying her longingly. The book she was reading must have been absorbing, for she did not pause a moment to look out of the window or anywhere else for that matter—not even in the direction of the admiring Goddard. His happiness excited in him a confidence that would have led him to use any excuse had he been able to invent one, but so long as she kept her eyes glued to the pages before her there was no opening.

An hour passed, during which Goddard's eyes were as firmly fastened on the girl as her own eyes were fastened on the book, and all this while the especial feature to which his glance was directed were her lips. There are certain

SHE WAS THE GIRL WITH THE KISSABLE LIPS.

lips that can only be described by one word—kissable—and this girl's lips were of that kind. Surely it was dangerous for a youngster just escaped from a treadmill to sit for a whole hour looking at a pair of kissable lips. Indeed, Goddard, worked upon by his gladness of heart, the beautiful morning, the attractiveness of the girl and those two delicately curved vermilion lips, did that which the moment after it was done filled him with consternation. When the train dashed into a tunnel he made a dash for her, threw his arms around her neck, there was a momentary struggle, and he had kissed her.

It was all over within a quarter of a minute, and luckily so, for the tunnel was a very short one, indeed, so short that no lamps had been lighted in the car. When the train shot out into daylight Goddard was looking out of the window with apparent unconcern, though his heart was beating like a kettledrum. It was some time before he dared look at the girl, but when he did she was reading her book. There was another woman who sat in the seat next back of her who was fanning herself vigorously with an appearance of annoyance. Goddard wondered if he had made a mistake. He was not sure. This set him to thinking. If he had kissed the wrong person the kiss in the dark had been just as delicious as if he had kissed the right one. Singular, wasn't it?

But Goddard was quite sure he had kissed the girl with the kissable lips. She sat two seats in advance of him and on the opposite side. In order to make sure of going the right distance he had put his hand on backs of the two seats in passing. No; he had kissed the right person, but why did the woman in the rear seat look so flustered, and why was the girl in front so undisturbed? It was a mystery that he could not solve.

The conductor called "Pebble Beach," and the train slowed up at the station at which Goddard was to stop. Collecting his hand baggage, he arose. The girl with the kissable lips arose too. She left the car in advance of him and giving her hand baggage and checks to a cabman, entered the cab, while her admirer ordered another. When he was driven up to his hotel the girl was ascending the steps.

Goddard felt uneasy. A friend of his mother's had given him a note of introduction to a Miss Margaret Deane, who was at the hotel or expected to be there soon after his arrival. Suppose the young lady he had kissed should be this Margaret Deane? And suppose she knew he had kissed her? He shuddered. Unless she were a woman of rare good sense and discretion she could make it hot for him. Should she tell the story to his friends he might better take passage for Australia or some port where he would be lost to his former existence. When he had fancied that he might have kissed the wrong woman he had been much displeased and disappointed. Now he hoped he had.

Going to his room, he changed his dress for dinner. Just before going into the dining hall he passed the girl he had kissed. She was walking through the hall. She did not notice him. He was encouraged to think that either he had kissed the other woman or that this one did not connect him with the person who had kissed her.

On the register he found the name of Margaret Deane, it having been placed there not far from his own. After dinner he called a servant, gave him his card with his note of introduction and told him to find Miss Deane and deliver them. The servant returned and said Miss Deane would meet Mr. Goddard in the drawing room. Goddard went there and waited a few minutes, when the lady entered. She was the girl with the kissable lips.

She advanced to meet Goddard without the slightest indication of ever having seen him before. The blood suddenly departed from his cheeks; but, encouraged by her manner, he regained confidence and was enabled to stammer some commonplace remarks. Then when they came to chat more freely he observed her closely with a view to discover whether there was evidence of her knowing that he was the person who had taken the liberty the consequences of which had thrown him into so great a terror. He could not detect the slightest sign of her ever having seen him before or of antagonism or embarrassment at meeting him. Surely he must have kissed the wrong woman after all.

Mr. Goddard saw more or less of Miss Deane. His mind was on his secret, and he could not let it alone. He was impelled to discover what would have been his fate had she been kissed by him, as he had intended, knowing him to be the culprit. He made a supposititious case in which a friend of his had done the same thing and asked her had she been the girl kissed what she would have done.

"A man I had never seen and knew nothing about?" she asked.

"Yes."

"I don't know what I should have done openly; inwardly I should have despised the man who kissed me."

He shuddered.

Toward the end of his vacation Goddard recovered largely from his fright. Every day he felt more and more sure that he had kissed the woman who had sat behind Miss Deane, and he sincerely hoped that that woman had gone to the other side of the globe for a permanent residence. Had he kissed Miss Deane surely she would have given some intimation of the fact that she had passed through the experience of the person he had mentioned in the suppositious case.

But one day he received a terrible scare. Miss Deane appeared one morning on the beach, her neckwear plinted with a horseshoe scarf or stickpin the exact duplicate of one he had owned. This would not have been so terrifying had it not been that he had worn his horseshoe in his scarf on the day he came up from the city to the seashore. He had noticed soon after his arrival that he had lost it and, recalling the circumstances of his journey, had remembered that when going to the train on a street car he had been jostled in a crowd. He had assumed that at this moment he had been relieved of his pin. Now, seeing its exact counterpart on Miss Deane, he was seized with one of those alarms that are the result of a guilty conscience.

He joined the young lady and riveted his eye on the pin she wore. It looked familiar. A horseshoe is a common form of scarfpin, but this was certainly very like the one he had lost.

"Rather a neat pin that of yours," he remarked.

"Do you admire it?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, I suppose I'll have to give it to you. It's really a man's pin." She removed it from her person and handed it to him.

"Oh, really, I didn't mean to ask for it."

"I don't value it. It's one I found."

Goddard's heart began to beat faster.

"Found! May I ask where?"

"The owner lost it on the train, I fancy, the day I came up here."

Goddard's heart stood still.

"Did you find it on the floor?"

"No."

"Well, then, where did you find it?"

"Why, to tell the truth, I didn't find it at all. I took it."

Goddard's knees were beginning to give way beneath him.

"Won't you tell me," he stammered, "how you came by it?"

"Yes. Before I came up here a friend of mine told me that she would give a young man a note of introduction to me, showing me his photograph. I saw him get on to the train. In a tunnel some one kissed me. In the struggle my hand brushed against his scarfpin and I seized it."

"He ought to be tarred and feathered."

A burst of laughter from the girl, and the episode was ended.

A LIVELY FOURTH.

His Proposal of Marriage Was Made Under Difficulties.

By T. DEWITT BOWMAN.

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Crack!

"Oh, dear, the Fourth has opened! I hope it's time to get up." I looked at a clock. The hour hand stood at 5, the minute hand at half past 5. I turned over and was dropping into a doze when—

Snap!

That ended it. I was wide awake and must lie abed for two hours. Worse, I must listen to the firing, which came at nerve wracking intervals.

I had been invited to spend the day with the Hunters at their country place. Tom Hunter, my chum, and his two sisters, Margaret and Josephine, constituted the junior members of the family. Margaret was an extremely ladylike young woman of

LIKE A DOG RUNNING AROUND AFTER HIS TAIL.

twenty. I was sweet on her, but her sister Joe, aged seventeen, was such a disagreeable creature that I hesitated about entering the family.

The explosions all took place very near my window—indeed, so near that I could see the sparks and smoke above the casement. I suspected that Joe was setting them off for the express purpose of annoying me. All doubt of this was removed when I saw a firecracker dangling at the end of a string right before my window. It sputtered just long enough to make me dread the explosion, which was the more harrowing when it came. Then I heard an idiotic te-he.

They say boys between fifteen and twenty-one should be barreled up and put away. There are some girls between those limits who should be walled in. Joe Hunter was one of them.

After two hours of discomfort I arose, dressed and went down to breakfast. The family were all very jolly. Some people could sleep peacefully on a battlefield. None of the family seemed to have been awakened by Joe's firecrackers. I had a headache. If the noise hadn't continued I should have liked to go back to bed. Joe had the assurance to ask me if I had slept well.

I thought that I would take occasion, having a whole day before me, to settle matters with Margaret Hunter, to whom I had for some time been paying attention. Indeed, it was expected that I would propose at no distant date, and as I would be welcome in the family the event was looked forward to by them with pleasing expectation. As I have said, the only thing that defayed me was my antipathy for Joe. But no such ordinary matter as a dislike for a member of a girl's family will long deter a lover, and I had made up my mind if I should meet with a convenient opportunity I would go back to the city after the Fourth with my fate settled.

Since the family expected that I was about to make my proposition it was natural that Joe should know all about it. Whether she did or did not I don't know, but one thing I do know—notwithstanding both her sister's and my efforts to "shake" her she persistently kept tagging about after us. Did we sit on the piazza, she came and occupied the hammock. Did we go out to sit under a copper beach tree whose hanging branches formed a convenient screen, she must come and poke her nose in under pretense of having lost something there. Margaret in order to get rid of her took me up into a cupola, and the fiend came up, saying that it was the only place from which she could see the paper balloons that were being sent up. There was not a balloon in sight, but she stayed in the cupola waiting for one.

There was nothing for us to do but go down. Joe went down with us and was not away from us long enough for me to enter upon, much less finish, what I had to say to Margaret. Luncheon came and nothing accomplished. After the meal I stole away to get a nap under a tree some distance from the house. I was falling into a doze when a cracker exploded within a foot of my ear. I looked around, but, of course, could see no one. I tried to doze off again, but another cracker came, then another and another. I knew very well who was throwing them. It was Joe. But it was impossible to get a sight of her. I got up, went to my room and got a brief nap. Why she consented to let me sleep I don't know. Perhaps she was busy annoying some one else.

About 5 o'clock I met Margaret on the piazza and proposed a walk. We both looked about furtively to see if Joe was within sight or hearing. There was no trace of her. We started, following a secluded path through dense shrubbery. We passed on to a rustic bridge leading over a creek. I paused and leaned against the rail. Margaret did the same, both of us facing the roadway. Feeling safe from interruption, I began my declaration.

"Margaret," I began, "it is time that I should tell you of that feeling which has gradually been rising in my breast ever since I have known you. I have had ample opportunity to observe your beautiful character, your kindly disposition and your native purity. I know that it is presumption in one so unworthy as myself to aspire to be anything more than a friend. I feel"—

"Crack!"

The sound was so near me that it shook every nerve in my body. I could not only hear it; I could feel it. But I couldn't see it, for it was directly behind me. Indeed, the explosion occurred at the end of my coattail.

It was followed by another and another in rapid succession. I turned, but the explosions turned with me.

Some one had tied a bunch of firecrackers to my coattail.

I could neither see nor reach them, for as I turned they turned with me. I endeavored to take hold of them, but only turned faster and faster like a dog running around after his tail. Then I backed up against Margaret that she might relieve me of them, but she gave a little shriek and retreated.

"Take them off!" I cried.

"I don't dare. They'll set my dress afire."

True, dressed as she was in thin white muslin, a spark from the pesky things might ignite it and cause a tragedy. An opportunity to stop the horrid snapping occurred to me. There was water under the bridge. I ran down there, feeling like one pursued by cracking rifles, and, squatting in the creek, had the satisfaction after a few muffled snaps beneath the surface of being relieved of the annoyance.

My white trousers were wet nearly to the knees. My coattail was dripping. I was in no condition to continue a declaration of love. By an unexpressed assent we turned and walked rapidly toward the house. We had not taken a dozen steps when we heard what I had heard before when rising that very morning—an idiotic "te-hee!"

Then I knew that we had been preceded by Joe; that she had taken position under the bridge and had tied the crackers to my coattail.

On reaching the house Margaret showed me a rear entrance where I could go up to my room without being seen. There I took off my trousers, wrung them out and sat on them in lieu of ironing and when they were dry enough to put on went down and joined the others on the lawn. Joe was there and when I approached looked at my trousers with well feigned surprise and asked if I had been bathing with my clothes on. I turned my back upon her without reply.

All waited till it grew dark enough to set off the fireworks, of which an abundant supply had been provided. I was determined to have matters settled between Margaret and myself, and as soon as the pyrotechnic display commenced I led her away. Some one saw us and asked where we were going. Margaret, equal to the occasion, replied:

"To the cupola. We can there see not only our own fireworks, but those all about us."

Following the suggestion, to the cupola we ascended. But I paid no attention to what was passing below. This was my last opportunity to get in my proposal, and I hastened to avail myself of it.

"Margaret," I began again, this time taking her hand, which she did not withdraw, "I was about to say to you this afternoon when interrupted that from the first moment of our meeting I have been impressed with your beautiful character and, though I know it is presumption in me to"—

Whiz!

A rocket screached not half a dozen feet above our heads.

I looked down on the lawn and by the red light saw Joe, assisted by a couple of her boy friends, aiming another rocket directly at the cupola. We had barely time to get down on the door before the fiery thing shot with its horrid noise above us. It was followed by a discharge of roman candles, the balls of which fell either on the roof of or in the cupola. There was nothing for us to do but beat a precipitate retreat. Margaret lost her head completely and ran down the steep staircase so fast that she fell. Catching her up, her head fell upon my shoulder.

"Sweetheart! Margaret! Dearest! Speak to me!"

After all my proposition had come not, as I had intended it, in formal words, but from the heart.

The most eventful independence day in my life was over—eventful not only that I had been accepted by the girl I loved, but on account of the difficulties under which I had made my proposal. I have now been married some years, and although I must admit that my sister-in-law has grown to be a settled woman, I have never forgiven her the levity they caused me so much trouble.

She has a daughter who is as much of a madcap as her mother was when a girl.

THE RED LOTUS.

A Story of a Visit to an East Indian Temple.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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It was twilight when Harry Ayers and his guest found themselves outside the Temple of the Five Sighs. They had visited a dozen ancient Calcutta temples that afternoon, and now the dusk had suddenly fallen and turned the crooked length of the narrow street into a dim perspective, lighted here and there by a lantern swinging above a doorway.

In the foreground arose the blank walls of the stone edifice, pierced by a low door, beyond which trembled a faint red glow.

"Have you the courage for another one before dinner?" asked Ayers, pausing at the foot of the stone steps.

"Certainly," returned Longwood. "The dozen we have seen this afternoon have not left the impression of antiquity and mysticism for which I was prepared. The carvings are without doubt exquisite, the images masterpieces of horror, but the priests—bah!"

Ayers laughed. "I prophesy that you meet your Waterloo here, Dick. I have never visited this shrine, but Lester has. You know Lester of the India bank?"

Longwood nodded. "Chap with white hair—met him at your club."

"Lester claims his white hair was the result of a night spent in this temple," said Ayers over his shoulder, leading the way up the steps.

The other made no reply, and together they passed through the door and stood in the outer court of the temple. Here mendicant priests squatted about the door of the inner shrine, presenting skinny hands for alms.

Once past these birds of prey they were engulfed in a pale blue cloud of incense, and through it they dimly perceived a large image of the Buddha, gay in rich vestments and sparkling with gems. The massive head looked down upon them with expressionless

ALWAYS THE CURLING, CLINGING VAPOR.

eyes and calm, inscrutable face. Behind the sealed bronze lips were locked secrets of the centuries.

A solitary sharen priest adjusted a prayer screen and arranged on a long teakwood table a row of porcelain bowls. Then he vanished, leaving the Americans alone in the sanctuary.

They drew together and moved nearer the idol. Down in the radiance cast by hanging bronze lamps their momentary depression fled, and they examined, with interest the rich carvings and inlaid work within the great niche.

As they lingered the silence seemed to close in about them like a wall, and with one accord they turned toward the door, but the doorway was obscured in heavy swirling clouds of incense, and through the blur they could scarcely discern each other's pale features.

Ayers opened his mouth to speak, but the words were never uttered, for at that instant a low, sighing whisper stirred the silence until the very air seemed to vibrate with its intensity of sorrow and then died away.

The two Americans scowled at the impassive idol in the niche, as if seeking some explanation of the mysterious sound and the strange influence that seemed to rob them of all vitality—to leave them helpless and inert before the inscrutable face.

Between the feet of the squatting god was a small bowl of some strange substance in the form of the beautiful red lotus flower of the east. In turn they touched it with their fingers and admired its beauty. When it was again on the altar their gaze clung to it, and as they looked the petals seemed to expand and float on the misty vapor as on some quiet, gray bosomed lake. Again the long sigh swept over them and with it a breath of exquisite perfume from the lotus flower.

With a mighty effort Longwood tore his gaze away from the flower and made toward the place where he believed the door to be. Ayers followed with laborious panting breaths as one who battled against heavy waves. Solid walls evaded their eager search always the curling, clinging vapor, receding, advancing in larger billows until, choking and gasping, they found themselves once more at the feet of the god, where petals of the lotus flower writhed and twisted like tongues of rosy flame.

Once more the strange whispering sigh swept over them, a sigh heavy with ominous foreboding. It died away and was repeated, and then fell the oppressive silence.

Ayers clutched his companion's arm. "If it comes once more I shall go mad," he breathed hoarsely.

"It will come once more. There is the name, you know—the Temple of the Five Sighs. There must be one more." Longwood's voice was tense with restrained emotion.

And so they listened in the silence, with the heavy perfume of the red lotus encompassing them like a rosy cloud, until they seemed to stand together isolated from the world in the midst of oddying shadows and vague murmuring sounds, with no object in view save the implacable face above them and the writhing flower at its feet.

Hours seemed to pass before the faint whispers of the last sigh stirred the shadows. When it had passed over them and died away in a shuddering moan Ayers was crying like a little child, while Longwood stared wide eyed at the diminishing flames of the lotus flower on the altar.

As if by some magic influence the air cleared of the swirling incense, objects came plainly into view, and the perfume of the lotus flower changed to the acrid smell of opium that clings to many Hindu temples. The lotus flower was gone, and its palpitating beauty had given place to the delicately tinted bowl they had at first admired.

Ayers regained his composure and faced his companion with defiant eyes. "You may believe me to be a fool, Longwood," he began, when the other interrupted him. "I know, too," he said slowly. "Let us find Lester."

Without another word they went through the low door and out upon the street, where the begging priests cringed away from their white faces and where the solitary lanterns dotted the blackness of the street. Ayers scratched a match and looked at his watch.

"Seven o'clock. It was 6:45 when we entered," he announced grimly.

Longwood made no answer.

A half hour later, still silent, they found Lester at his bungalow. He was a tall man, lithe and slender and not more than thirty years of age, yet the thick hair above his forehead was as white as snow. His keen dark eyes questioned them.

Ayers nodded. "We've been there, Lester. I owe you an apology for doubting your experience in the temple. If it was anything like ours"—He shuddered and threw himself into a chair.

"How did you guess we had been there?" asked Longwood, with a strange dread in his tone.

Lester swung open a door on the inner side of which a mirror was paneled. In its surface they saw reflected Ayers' flaxen head and pale face and Longwood's jet black hair with a single white lock on the forehead.

"I knew by that!" said Lester gravely. "And—let me see your hands!"

The two men held out their hands, palms upward.

On the thumb and forefinger of each right hand was a small blood red stain shaped like the petal of a red lotus flower.

"You can't obliterate it," continued Lester, with a note of pity in his voice. "It is the lotus mark, and every man who has laid profane hands on the sacred bowl will carry that mark to his grave, and it will be an early grave, too, unless one can cover it up. That is one way to avoid the espionage of those who avenge. The other way"—He paused, and his voice lowered.

"The other way?" asked the two men eagerly.

"Is to leave the country, to clear out forever, and yet sometimes vengeance follows unless one covers the mark!" He moved to the cupboard and took down a bottle of some liquid and poured a little on his handkerchief. He rubbed the palm of his right hand and there sprang into view a small and perfect flower of the red lotus.

"We merely touched it and went down into Hades!" breathed Ayers heavily. "And you—you"—

"I held it in my hand and went still farther," said Lester coolly as he replaced the bottle and took down another one containing a milky substance. With a small sponge he covered the palm of his hand, and the red flower faded under a uniform flesh tint. "Here, hold out your hands," he added. "Water will not harm this covering. Time will wear it off, and it must be renewed. I will give you the recipe. We who use it call it our 'life preserver.' It will be yours too."

"Why do they leave the blasted thing exposed like that? Why isn't there some warning that it must not be touched?" demanded Ayers excitedly as the red stain vanished from his fingers.

Lester smiled. "The temple is not for uninvited foreign devils to enter save at their own risk. If you had been warned of its malevolent influence, would you have touched the red lotus?"

The two men nodded assent, and Longwood asked, with a curious hesitation:

"What are the force and the—the sigh? What is the explanation?"

Lester crossed the room and leaned from the window into the darkness of the garden. Presently he turned toward them, and his voice was low and strained.

"Only one man ever learned the truth about that. He was my friend. And before he could impart his knowledge to others"—He paused and again looked into the night.

"Yes?" prompted Ayers.

"He died," finished Lester quietly.

TALE OF THE MISSING CHORD

A Sheepman's Quest For Music, With Odd Results.

By O. HENRY.

[Copyright, 1907, by the McClure company.]

I stopped overnight at the sheep ranch of Rush Kinney, on the Sandy fork of the Nueces. Mr. Kinney and I had been strangers up to the time when I called "Hello!" at his hitching rack, but from that moment until my departure on the next morning we were, according to the Texas code, undeniable friends.

After supper the ranchman and I lugged our chairs outside the two room house to its floorless gallery roofed with chaparral and sacuista grass. With the rear legs of our chairs sink-

"GOING TO GET MARILLA'S PIANO, I HEAR."

ing deep into the hard packed loam, each of us reposed against an elm pillar of the structure, and smoked El Toro tobacco, while we wrangled amicably concerning the affairs of the rest of the world.

As for conveying adequate conception of the engaging charm of that prairie evening, despair waits upon it. It is a bold chronicler who will undertake the description of a Texas night in the early spring. An inventory must suffice.

The ranch rested upon the summit of a lenient slope. The ambient prairie, diversified by arroyos and murky patches of brush and pear, lay around us like a darkened bowl at the bottom of which we reposed as dregs. Like a turquoise cover the sky pinned us there. The miraculous air, heady with ozone and made memorably sweet by leagues of wild flowerets, gave tang and savor to the breath.

Mr. Kinney's wife, a young and capable woman, we had left in the house. She remained to busy herself with the domestic round of duties, in which I had observed that she seemed to take a buoyant and contented pride. In one room we had supped. Presently from the other as Kinney and I sat without there burst a volume of sudden and brilliant music. If I could justly estimate the art of piano playing, the construer of that rollicking fantasia had creditably mastered the secrets of the keyboard. A piano, and one so well played, seemed to me to be an unusual thing to find in that small and unpretending ranch house. I must have looked my surprise at Rush Kinney, for he laughed in his soft southern way and nodded at me through the moonlit haze of our cigarettes.

"You don't often hear as agreeable a noise as that on a sheep ranch," he remarked. "But I never see any reason for not playing up to the arts and graces just because we happen to live out in the brush. It's a lonesome life for a woman, and if a little music can make it any better why not have it? That's the way I look at it."

"A wise and generous theory," I assented. "And Mrs. Kinney plays well. I am not learned in the science of music, but I should call her an uncommonly good performer. She has technic and more than ordinary power."

The moon was very bright, you will understand, and I saw upon Kinney's face a sort of amused and pregnant expression, as though there were things behind it that might be expounded.

"You came up the trail from the Double Elm fork," said Kinney promisingly. "As you crossed it you must have seen an old deserted jacal to your left under a comma mott."

"I did," said I. "There was a drove of javalis rooting around it. I could see by the broken corrals that no one lived there."

"That's where this music proposition started," said Kinney. "I don't mind telling you about it while we smoke. That's where old Cal Adams lived. He had about 800 graded Merinos and a daughter that was solid silk and as handsome as a new stake rope on a thirty dollar pony. And I don't mind telling you that I was guilty in the second degree of hanging around old Cal's ranch all the time I could spare away from lambing and shearing. Miss Marilla was her name, and I had figured it out by the rule of two that she was destined to become the chatelaine and lady superior of Rancho Lomito, belonging to R. Kinney, Esq., where you are now a welcome and honored guest.

"I will say that old Cal wasn't distinguished as a sheepman. He was a little, old, stoop shouldered hombre about as big as a gun scabbard, with scraggy white whiskers, and condemned to the continuous use of language.

"But that Marilla girl was a benefit to the eye. And she was the most elegant kind of a housekeeper. I was the nearest neighbor, and I used to ride over to the Double Elm anywhere from nine to sixteen times a week with fresh butter or a quarter of venison or a sample of new sheep dip just as a frivolous excuse to see Marilla. Marilla and me got to be extensively inveigled with each other, and I was pretty sure I was going to get my rope around her neck and lead her over to the Lomito.

"One day just after the fall shearing I rides over to the Double Elm with a lady's magazine about fashions for Marilla and a scientific paper for old Cal.

"While I was tying my pony to a mesquite out runs Marilla, tickled to death with some news that couldn't wait.

"'Oh, Rush,' she says, all flushed up with esteem and gratification, 'what do you think? Dad's going to buy me a piano. Ain't it grand? I never dreamed I'd ever have one.'

"'It's sure joyful,' says I. 'I always admired the agreeable uproar of a piano. It'll be lots of company for you. That's mighty good of Uncle Cal to do that.'

"Old Cal was inside, lying on a cot. He had a pretty bad cold and cough. I stayed to supper.

"'Going to get Marilla a piano, I hear,' says I to him.

"'Why, yes, something of that kind, Rush,' says he. 'She's been hankering for music for a long spell, and I allow to fix her up with something in that line right away. The sheep sheared six pounds all around this fall, and I'm going to get Marilla an instrument if it takes the price of the whole clip to do it.'

"'Star wayon,' says I. 'The little girl deserves it.'

"'I'm going to San Antone on the last load of wool,' says Uncle Cal, 'and select an instrument for her myself.'

"'Wouldn't it be better,' I suggests, 'to take Marilla along and let her pick out one that she likes?'

"'No, sir; it wouldn't,' says he, pulling at his white whiskers. 'There ain't a better judge of musical instruments in the whole world than what I am. I had an uncle,' says he, 'that was a partner in a piano factory, and I've seen thousands of 'em put together. I know all about musical instruments, from a pipe organ to a cornstalk fiddle.'

"'You get me what you like, dad,' says Marilla, who couldn't keep her feet on the floor from joy. 'Of course you know what to select. I'd just as lief it was a piano or a organ or what.'

"Along about Tuesday Uncle Cal put out for San Antone on the last wagon load of wool. Marilla's uncle Ben, who lived in Birdstall, come over and stayed at the ranch while Uncle Cal was gone.

"It was ninety miles to San Antone and forty to the nearest railroad station, so Uncle Cal was gone about four days. I was over at the Double Elm when he come rolling back one evening about sundown. And up there in the wagon, sure enough, was a piano or a organ—we couldn't tell which—all wrapped up in woolsacks, with a wagon sheet, tied over it in case of rain. And out skips Marilla, hollering, 'Oh, oh!' with her eyes shining and her hair a-flying. 'Dad—dad,' she sings out, 'have you brought it—have you brought it?' and it right there before her eyes, as women will do.

"'Finest piano in San Antone,' says Uncle Cal, waving his hand, proud. 'Genuine rosewood and the finest, loudest tone you ever listened to. I heard the storekeeper play it, and I took it on the spot and paid cash down.'

"Me and Ben and Uncle Cal and a Mexican lifted it out of the wagon and carried it in the house and set it in a corner. It was one of them upright instruments and not very heavy or very big.

"And then all of a sudden Uncle Cal flops over and says he's mighty sick. He's got a high fever, and he complains of his lungs. He gets into bed, while me and Ben goes out to unhitch and put the horses in the pasture, and Marilla flies around to get Uncle Cal something hot to drink.

"When I came in from the pasture Marilla was in the room where the piano was. I could see by the strings and woolsacks on the floor that she had had it unwrapped. But now she was tying the wagon sheet over it again, and there was a kind of solemn, whitish look on her face.

"'Ain't wrapping up the music again, are you, Marilla?' I asks. 'What's the matter with just a couple of tunes for to see how she goes under the saddle?'.

"'Not tonight, Rush,' says she. 'I don't want to play any tonight. Dad's too sick. Just think, Rush, he paid $300 for it, nearly a third of what the wool clip brought!'

"'Well, 'tain't anyways in the neighborhood of a third of what you are worth,' I told her. 'And I don't think Uncle Cal is too sick to hear a little agitation of the piano keys just to christen the machine.'

"'Not tonight, Rush,' says Marilla in a way that she had when she wanted to settle things.

"But it seems that Uncle Cal was plenty sick, after all. He got so bad that Ben saddled up and rode over to Birdstall for Doc Simpson. I stayed around to see if I'd be needed for anything.

"When Uncle Cal's pain let up on him a little he called Marilla and says to her: 'Did you look at your instrument, honey? And do you like it?'

"'It's lovely, dad,' says she, leaning down by his pillow. 'I never saw one so pretty. How dear and good it was of you to buy it for me!'

"'I haven't heard you play on it any yet,' says Uncle Cal, 'and I've been listening. My side don't hurt quite so bad now. Won't you play a piece, Marilla?'

"But, no; she puts Uncle Cal off and soothes him down like you've seen women do with a kid.

"When Doc Simpson comes over he tells us that Uncle Cal has pneumonia the worst kind, and, as the old man was past sixty and nearly on the lift anyhow, the odds was against his walking on grass any more.

"On the fourth day of his sickness he calls for Marilla again and wants to talk piano. Doc Simpson was there, and so was Ben and Mrs. Ben, trying to do all they could.

"'I'd have made a wonderful success in anything connected with music,' says Uncle Cal. 'I got the finest instrument for the money in San Antone. Ain't that piano all right in every respect, Marilla?'

"'It's just perfect, dad,' says she. 'It's got the finest tone I ever heard. But don't you think you could sleep a little while now, dad?'

"'No, I don't,' says Uncle Cal. 'I want to hear that piano. I don't believe you've even tried it yet. I went all the way to San Antone and picked it out for you myself. It took a third of the fall clip to buy it, but I don't mind that if it makes my good girl happier. Won't you play a little bit for dad, Marilla?'

"Doc Simpson beckoned Marilla to one side and recommended her to do what Uncle Cal wanted, so it would get him quieted. And her Uncle Ben and his wife asked her too.

"'Why not hit out a tune or two with the soft pedal on?' I asks Marilla. 'Uncle Cal has begged you so often. It would please him a good deal to hear you touch up the piano he's bought for you. Don't you think you might?'

"But Marilla stands there with big tears rolling down from her eyes, and says nothing. And then she runs over and slips her arm under Uncle Cal's neck and hugs him tight.

"'Why, last night, dad,' we heard her say, 'I played over so much. Honest, I have been playing it. And it's such a splendid instrument; you don't know how I love it. Last night I played "Bonnie Dundee" and the "Anvil Polka" and the "Blue Danube" and lots of pieces. You must surely have heard me playing a little, didn't you, dad? I didn't like to play loud when you was so sick.'

"'Well, well,' says Uncle Cal, 'maybe I did. Maybe I did and forgot about it. My head is a little cranky at times. I heard the man in the store play it fine. I'm mighty glad you like it, Marilla. Yes, I believe I could go to sleep awhile if you'll stay right beside me till I do.'

"There was where Marilla had me guessing. Much as she thought of that old man she wouldn't strike a note on that piano that he'd bought her. I couldn't imagine why she told him she'd been playing it, for the wagon sheet hadn't ever been off of it since she put it back on the same day it come. I knew she could play a little anyhow, for I'd once heard her snatch some pretty fair dance music out of an old piano at the Charco Largo ranch.

"Well, in about a week the pneumonia got the best of Uncle Cal. They had the funeral over at Birdstall, and all of us went over. I brought Marilla

"IT WAS ONE OF THEM MACHINES."

back home in my buckboard. Her Uncle Ben and his wife were going to stay there a few days with her.

"That night Marilla takes me in the room where the piano was while the others were out on the gallery.

"'Come here, Rush,' says she. 'I want you to see this now.'

"She unties the rope and drags off the wagon sheet.

"Instead of a piano it was one of them machines they've invented to play the piano with. By itself it was about as musical as the holes of flute without the flute.

"And that was the piano that Uncle Cal had selected, and standing by it was the good, fine, all wool girl that never let him know it.

"And what you heard playing awhile ago," concluded Mr. Kinney, "was that same deputy piano machine, only just at present it's shoved up against a $600 piano that I bought for Marilla as soon as we was married."

UNCLE SAM'S STAMPS.

Wonderful Collection in the Postoffice Department Museum.

The fact that nearly all men at some time were stamp collectors is said to account for the popularity of the official stamp collection of the United States postoffice department maintained in connection with the postal museum in Washington. Postoffice department officials say 100,000 men call every year to see the museum stamp collection.

The postoffice department museum is full of interesting objects. It contains almost everything from a lock of Charles Guiteau's hair to models of the big battleships of the navy, but by far its most interesting feature, according to the officials in charge, is the stamp collection. Few visitors miss that sight, and many "hobbyists" spend hours poring over it.

Uncle Sam as a stamp collector is a most signal success. He not only has a complete set of his own stamps, but a complete collection from every other stamp issuing country in the civilized world as well. His collection is valued by the department at $200,000, but stamp dealers say it would demand a figure many times that sum if placed on the open market for sale.

The fact that Uncle Sam's stamp collection is absolutely complete is a statement difficult to comprehend, even to those who have been collectors themselves. Most of those who were collectors in years gone by will remember how many empty places there were in their albums when they gloried in the possession of 1,500 and 2,000 specimens. They will recall how many new varieties above the 2,000 mark cost from $5 to $50 each, also the small fortunes placed on some of the specially rare specimens, the kind which the dealers' catalogues related had been printed only to the number of 100 or so and but six or seven were known to be in existence.

Well, Uncle Sam's stamp collection possesses all of these, besides the thousands of common kinds. Although it has taken hard work, many years and a tidy fortune to do it, the collection today stands absolutely complete. The only varieties yet to be added are those yet to be issued.—Baltimore American.

A JUGGLER'S TRICK.

Clever Feat of Illusion Performed by an East Indian.

A retired naval official who served long in the east says the feats of the East Indian jugglers are wonderful. He cites one.

While he was an officer on board a P. and O. steamship two natives came aboard at Madras, he says. They were a juggler and his assistant. After they had performed a number of minor feats and had gathered quite a crowd around them they called for a sack and a piece of sailcloth.

These having been provided, the chief juggler made a small tentlike structure with the canvas and some stools. He then placed his assistant in the sack and allowed a sailor to tie the knot which bound him a fast prisoner. This done, the chief carried the sack into an open space, warning the people to stand back some distance, and then carried on an animated conversation with his assistant, whose replies could be distinctly heard coming from the sack. Suddenly the chief rushed forward, picked up the sack and dumped it overboard, where, to the horror of the passengers and crew, it sank out of sight.

Immediately the captain rushed forward and seized the man under the full belief that he had murdered his companion, but the juggler only smiled and, pointing to the canvas, asked that it be raised. This was done, and the supposed drowned man was discovered squatting on the deck. So realistic had been the throwing overboard, however, that it was some time before the surprised passengers could realize a murder had not been committed.

How a Bird Dresses.

As bird fashions do not change, two suits a year are quite enough for most birds, but they need to take great care of them. Each separate feather must be cleaned and looked over and the useless ones pulled out. These feathers are not packed close together, you know, but lie loose and have places between filled with air. When a bird wants to get warmer he lifts his feathers so that these air spaces may be larger. But if his feathers are tangled or wet and dirty he could not raise them, and soon he could not keep the head in his little body and would, of course, die.

Cutting It Short.

"How long can you stay?" asked a hostess who had received an unexpected visitor coolly.

"No longer than I can help," was the crisp reply. "I have telephoned to have my trunk stay at the depot and to notify me of the first train I can take home. So sorry I can't stay longer!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Dangerous Reproductions.

"An artist," said Mr. Teecham, "should strive to reproduce what is nearest to his thought and deepest in his affection."

"Yes," replied the mercenary genius, "but the laws against counterfeiting currency are so severe!"—Washington Star.

His Request.

Judge—Have you anything to say before I pass sentence? Prisoner (who knows human nature)—Yes, my lord; I should like you to have your dinner before you pass sentence upon me.—London Scraps.

Just a Blunder.

Sir Upcrest Mucilage (who has got old Coldcash in a corner at the club)—Mr. Coldcash, your daughter is the idol of my life, the one hope and aim of my existence. Might I dare hope that some day I may be permitted to call her wife?

Mr. Coldcash (astounded)—But, my dear sir, I have no daughter.

Sir Upcrest M.—Oh, pardon me! Somebody told me that you had. Let's have a drink.—London Scraps.

The Decoy.

"I notice," said the man to the parson, "that, although I am in the front pew, there is always a five dollar bill on the collection plate when it comes to me. Is that the contribution of the man who takes up the collection?"

"Not at all," replied the parson, who believed in business methods. "That's our decoy."—Detroit Free Press.

She Thought Right.

Mrs. Young—I want to get a divorce from my husband. Lawyer—Well, what are your charges? Mrs. Young—My charges? Mercy! I thought I'd have to pay you.—Boston Transcript.

A Duke's Maxim.

It was a maxim of the first Duke of Portland, who was a great lover of race horses, that there were only two places where all men are equal—on the turf and under the turf.

Sir Walter's Knock.

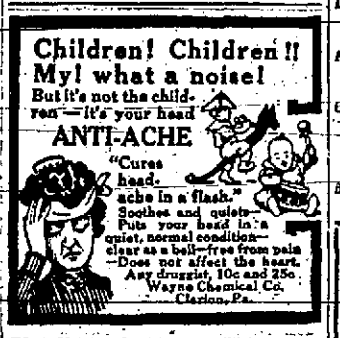
"Ruff on the cloak," remarked Sir Walter Raleigh as he spread down his velvet garment before Queen Elizabeth. He could not resist giving her this little wrap.

Just the Contrary.

"I suppose you're one of those idiots that touch wet paint to see if it's dry."

"No, I'm not. I touch it to see if it's wet."—London Punch.

A straight line is shortest in morals as well as in geometry.—Rabel.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